

Life

December 8, 1927

Price 15 cents

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PRIZE CONTEST
in this issue**



James Montgomery Flagg

In Your Hat



The ideal gift is a jade pen with the little white dot

The world has acquired the fountain-pen habit. Every year *millions more* people are using them, in large measure due to the dependability and beauty of the Lifetime® pen. Always it is an infallible writing instrument, made of brilliant, staunch radite, capable of making three clear carbon copies. An aristocratic pocket decoration! And it is unconditionally guaranteed for a lifetime. A Sheaffer writing instrument ought to solve many of your Christmas gift perplexities.

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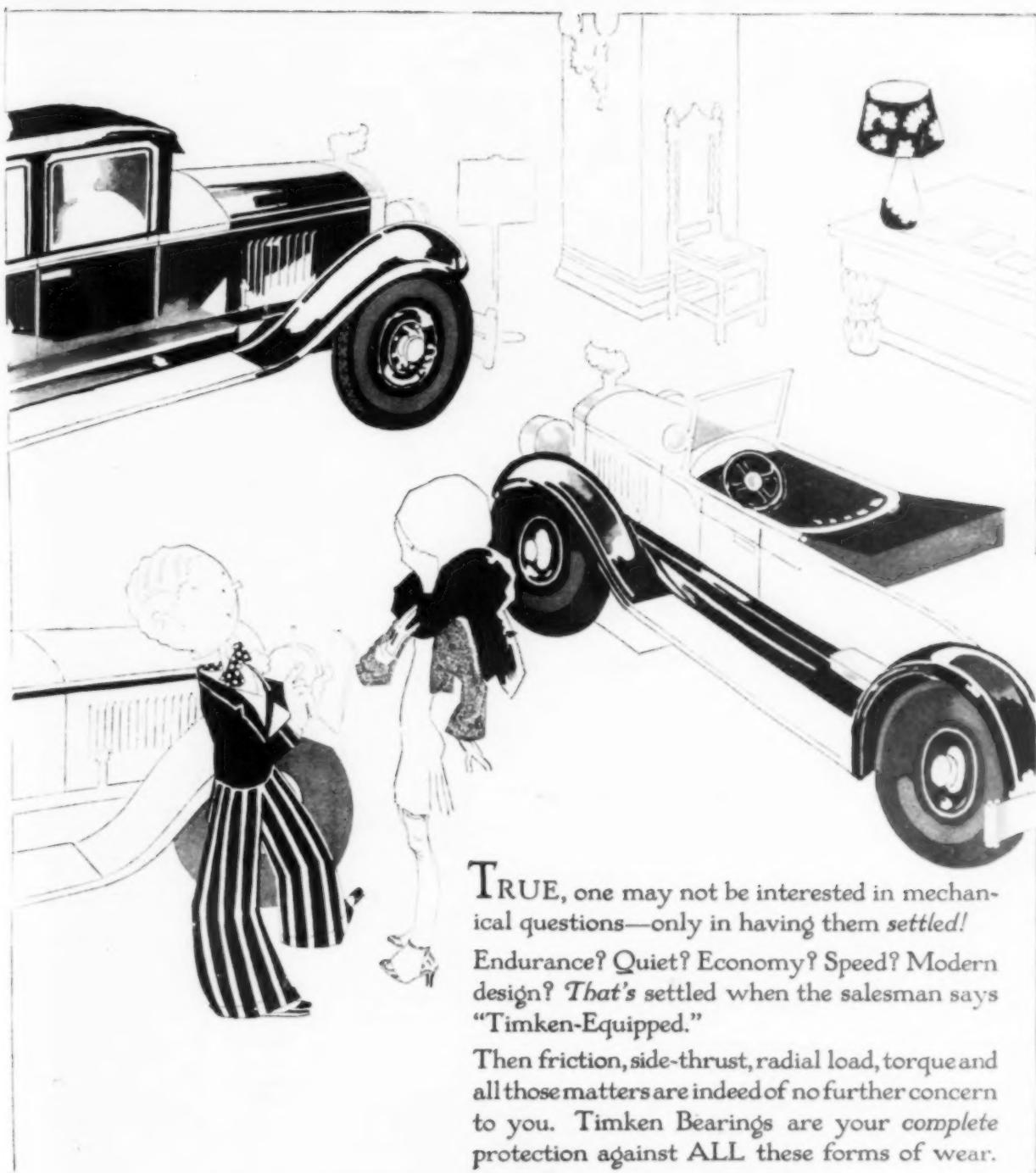
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Onyx or Italian
Marble Lifetime
Desk Fountain
Pen Set, \$11



SHEAFFER'S
LEADS

Blue Label
Leads
15 cents



TRUE, one may not be interested in mechanical questions—only in having them *settled*!

Endurance? Quiet? Economy? Speed? Modern design? *That's settled* when the salesman says "Timken-Equipped."

Then friction, side-thrust, radial load, torque and all those matters are indeed of no further concern to you. Timken Bearings are your *complete* protection against ALL these forms of wear.

Only Timkens! Because only Timkens combine Timken **POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS**, Timken tapered construction, and Timken electric steel. Make it your first point to know that you are buying Timken-equipped.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, O.

TIMKEN *Tapered*
Roller
BEARINGS

Old Briar

TOBACCO
"THE BEST PIPE SMOKE EVER MADE!"

If you'd ask me
I'd tell you give
me Old Briar
Tobacco

OLD BRIAR TOBACCO brings to men far more satisfaction than the usual gift. All of the genuine pleasure, solace and the cheer of pipe smoking is in this gift. Men, everywhere, welcome Old Briar as they've never welcomed tobacco before. It gives them many hours of complete contentment at home—repose and satisfaction! Such comfort and pleasure is beyond price.

Light up your pipe filled with Old Briar Tobacco. Draw in its ripe fragrance and full-bodied aroma. Enjoy its natural tobacco



flavor—its satisfying taste. Notice how cool it is—and how smooth. Now you know why Old Briar Tobacco is *One* gift every pipe smoker will welcome.

It has taken experts, with years of scientific knowledge in the art of mellowing and blending, with generations of tobacco culture back of them, to produce Old Briar Tobacco. Step by step Old Briar has been developed—step by step perfected. *It all shows up in the smoke!*

Make a Gift of Old Briar Tobacco to Yourself This Christmas and to Every Friend Who Enjoys His Pipe. Of All the Pleasures Man Enjoys Pipe Smoking Costs the Least.

IF YOUR DEALER DOES NOT HAVE OLD BRIAR

Tear out this coupon and mail to:
United States Tobacco Co., Richmond, Va., U. S. A. L-F-12-8-27

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS OFFER: On receipt of this coupon we will mail direct to you or anyone you name a \$1 or \$2 box of Old Briar Tobacco. In case you want to make more Christmas gifts send names and addresses for each gift—also send your card if you want it to go with your gift.

Print Name _____

Address _____

City and State _____

Send the coupon now, with bills, stamps or check. Insure Old Briar's arriving in plenty of time for Christmas.



TO DEALERS: Old Briar Sizes—25c, 50c, \$1 and \$2—air-proof and sealed. If your jobber has not supplied you, write us and we will send you a supply by prepaid Parcel Post at regular Dealer's prices. Every size of Old Briar has our unlimited guarantee.

UNITED STATES TOBACCO CO., RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, U. S. A.

The Train Announcer Develops a Political Complex

M R. BAGGAGEMASTER, red caps, fellow citizens: Before proceeding with the subject of the afternoon, I am reminded of a little story. It seems there were two Scotchmen, Pat and Mike. "Pat," said Mike, "do ye know phut it is makes the world go round?" "No, begobs," said Pat; "phut is it makes the world go round?" "Phell, thin," said Mike, "I'll tell ye phut it is makes the world go round. Sure an' it's this theory of revolution." (Pause for laughter.) As I was about to say, fellow citizens, this great republic of ours—this immense democracy which is at once the youngest and the oldest of nations—needs but one thing: a strong, steady, sturdy and unswerving purpose in its intercourse with European principalities. (Pause for applause.) Therefore, fellow citizens, I call on you this afternoon in a voice which I hope will reach from the rockbound coast of Maine to the sun-kissed shores of California; from the wind-swept lakes of Minnesota to the zephyr-touched sands of Florida. Yes, fellow citizens, regardless of what State you live in, we have ready for you this afternoon, on Track Sev-un, the two-thirty train for All-bun-ee, U-tic-car, Syr-rah-cuse, Raw-chester and Buff-allo. New York Central train, ready on Track Sev-un. I thank you. (Prolonged applause.)

Al Graham.

Paradise Regained

THE curse of Adam, some believe,
Was lighter than the curse of Eve,
Since Adam suffered from his fall
A very little, if at all;
He only had to turn his hand,
At first, to cultivating land,
Then rid himself of all such fetters
And merely had to dictate letters,
While poor Eve's work was never
through—

She had a thousand things to do,
All incident to keeping house
And comforting her lazy spouse.

That may be right, it may be wrong,
But Eve did not endure it long.
To toil she shortly bid defiance
And organized Domestic Science,
With fireless cookers, percolators,
Electrical refrigerators,
Machines as fast as she could buy them
To wash the dishes and to dry them,
To get the laundry out on Monday,
To clean the carpet with on Sunday,
To make the coffee, toast the rolls,
To mend the rips and darn the holes.
She used to work from sun to sun,
But now she's through by half-past one.

And flits about in giddy raiment,
While Adam makes another payment.

—S. K., in *Spokane Spokesman-Review*.

So Help Me!

I USED to be as good as gold,
Or practically that.
My mother never had to scold
Her precious little brat.
And every evening at her knee
I prayed for further purity.

I wish that life could always stay
As simple and as neat
As in that enviable day
Of toast and Cream of Wheat.
And it could be that way again
By just eliminating men.

Margaret Fishback.

Glossary of Motoring Terms

PURR: Word used to describe the wheeze made by your motor when it is not missing on more than six cylinders, with only an occasional

Knock: Remark from the back seat or some other

Boob: Any other driver, especially the one that cuts in ahead at a

Traffic Light: The little green light that always turns red just before you get to it, forcing you to apply the

Emergency Brake: What your wife always has on when she drives, to keep from running into a

Fire Plug: Ornamental red post put up at the curb for the sole purpose of ruining a perfectly good

Parking Place: The vacant spot you never see till the other fellow slips into it, and for which you are still searching when an officer speaks to you about your

Tail Light: What you've forgotten to turn on, and gives you a

Ticket: Invitation to a formal reception at which you generally win a prize called

Fine: Not so good but what the thoughts of it cause you to drive bitterly-homeward until halted by a

Speed Cop: The fellow that says you were going fifty-one when you know darn well you were not exceeding the

Speed Limit: All you can get out of the old can when you press down hard on the

Accelerator: The little jigger your wife always steps on when she wants to stop the car.

Asia Kagowan.

Revived

CARL SANDBURG, who goes about the country strumming a guitar and singing folk songs, likes to tell stories while developing a vamp (musical term, not social). Two Chicago men, says Carl, died recently and met in the great beyond.

"Well, Jim," said one of them, "heaven is a pretty nice place after all."

"Yes," said Jim, "but this isn't heaven."

—New York World.

Old Briar

TOBACCO
"THE BEST PIPE SMOKE EVER MADE!"



MADAM, the right tobacco means so much to him — give him Old Briar

GIVE him Old Briar Tobacco and you will give him more real enjoyment and contentment than he has ever gotten out of his pipe before. This Christmas, many thousands of women will get almost as much pleasure from their gift of Old Briar Tobacco as the men get themselves... When you see his enjoyment, when you, yourself, enjoy the fragrance of the

smoke, when he tells you, as he will, that you've given him the best pipe tobacco he's ever smoked, your thoughtfulness will be more than repaid.

It has been the life work of experts, with years of scientific knowledge in the art of mellowing and blending tobaccos, that has produced Old Briar. Generations of tobacco culture have gone into its perfection. Its natural leaf-flavor, cool and slow-burning — has been developed and blended — and step by step perfected into the most satisfying tobacco ever made.

Give him Old Briar Tobacco, this Christmas. His appreciation will be whole-hearted and sincere. The friendly fragrance of your gift and its good cheer will be enjoyed by him every day.

Of all the Pleasures Man Enjoys Pipe Smoking Costs the Least



IF THE NEAREST CIGAR STORE OR
TOBACCONIST DOES NOT HAVE OLD BRIAR

L-12-8-27 Tear out this coupon and mail to:

United States Tobacco Co., Richmond, Va., U. S. A.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS OFFER: On receipt of this coupon we will mail direct to you or anyone you name a \$1 or \$2 box of Old Briar Tobacco. In case you want to make more Christmas gifts, send names and addresses for each gift, also send your card if you want it to go with your gift.

Print Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

Send the coupon now, with bills, stamps or check. Insure
Old Briar's arriving in plenty of time for Christmas.

TO DEALERS: Old Briar Sizes—25c, 50c, \$1 and \$2. If your jobber has not supplied you, write us and we will send you a supply by prepaid Parcel Post at regular Dealer's prices. Every size of Old Briar has our unlimited guarantee.

UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY, RICHMOND, VA.

pp The
Saratoga⁹⁹
\$450

ASK for it by name in any of the better stores . . . Just say, "Show me the *Saratoga* - in CALFSKIN." . . . What an amazing leather it is! It can be called "wear-proof" but, it is as soft and flexible as a piece of thin kid . . . Fine dyes have caught the rich, ripe golden shades of autumn and imprisoned them here — yet, this glove can be washed again and again, with soap and water, just as you wash your hands and still that soft rich newness remains . . . This special number is attractively priced . . . It is hand-cut, with hand-sewed back, hand-sewed hem and "Superseam" stitching on side and fingers . . . A wonderful glove—and only four-fifty!

Daniel Hays
Gloves



DEC-6'27

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-Life



MANAGER OF FREAK SHOW: Here, what's happened to the India Rubber Man?
He seems to have disappeared.
FREAK: Yeah, he erased himself.

“The End of a Beautiful Friendship”

WELLIFFUTTAINT Huymunn!... I'm offal glatta sce-
ya, Huymunn, ya wuykin here?...
Ainchu tha kidder... Lissun, ya
gussum spimmunt, Huymunn?...
Fresh!... I doe wanna spimmunt
sunny, I wossum spimmunt galm—
chooun galm.... You know whatta
want, Huymunn, I wanna coupla
packujussa spimmunt *galm*.... Oh,
quitcha kiddun, I doe wanna spimmunt
sawwich, I wossum—... Well,
iss about time!... Ainchu kil-
lun?... Ya look swell innat
white coat.... Ya still go-un
roun with Maddlun, Huymunn?... Well, I'm glatta
hearut.... Ya wuz too good
furra.... Ya know she yoossa
be my bess *frenn*, but
I hatta givvurrup.... I sezz
to ur, 'If yar gonna tell
things like at behine my
back,' I sezz, 'awright *fayoo*,'
I sezz. 'Ya cannexpeck me
ta be frenns wiya,' I sezz, an-
shee wuzzaz bole as brass,
she sezz, 'What kina things?'
she sezz, annye sezz, 'I woont
soil my tongue by repeatun-
num,' I sezz.... She wuzz
tellun aboumee go-un on a
lotta wile parteze, annay
wuzzn a wuyda truth innut,

I never wennon no wile par-teze....Sheeza bigguss *liar*....Annye sez, 'Ya wanna know what I thinka ya?' I sez. 'Yar two-faced,' I sez, 'anya gotta mouth in eash face!' I sez, annass juss what I thinkuvva, Huymann, she's offal, she's a reggla Jeebeezul....Sheeza darnuss hippacrut, ackun azzif she wuz so mush better thun moce people, buttye wantcha ta know, Huymunn, thasshee wuz on ollem

parteze ha-self....Annare she wuz, talkun aboumee, an ennyhow, them parteze wuz perfelly awright, they wuzzn nothun outa tha way go-un on attol....Antha things I know abouta would senna ta jay-ull, on-nussly, Huymunn, tha things I seenat guyl do when we wuz off onnem parteze....I woont soil my tongue tellunnum taya, Huymunn, I respeek ya too mush!....So I'm juss gonna tryta forgetta....On-nussly, tha things she done onnem parteze——.Lissen, Huymunn, ya gonna take me ta tha——.....
Wassat!.....Ya maredia!.....Ohmygawd!"
Heman Fau, Jr.

Heman Fay, Jr.

Busy Neighborhood

"IS your mother home,
Johnny?"

"No, ma'am, she's helping Mrs. Brown quilt quilts over at Mrs. Murphy's but if you want Mrs. Hanson's step-ladder it's at Mrs. Bilson's."

JONES: Your telephone operator is a hard-working little girl, isn't she?

SMITH: Yes, she certainly is a plunger.



The "White Collar Man" Buys a Blue Shirt.



The First Transatlantic Passenger Plane
PUBLIC SPIRITED PASSENGER: Well, now, how about organizing a nice, jolly ship's concert?

The Christmas Shoppers' Blue Book

ROUTE 483—Jewelry Department to Toyland—6 miles. (Optional Route 483A via Telephone Booths and Adjustment Bureau.)

Mileage 0.0 JEWELRY DEPARTMENT, Fork left at Vacuum Cleaner Display straight ahead to

Mileage 1.1 SHOE DEPARTMENT, End of aisle sharp turn; bear right across arcade past Dress Goods and Silks to

Mileage 3.6 MILLINERY, At counter containing \$7.98 hats fork left past Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, Carpets (Note: Ahead is Route 498 to Men's Clothing and Restaurant) to

Mileage 4.7 PICTURE DEPARTMENT, Fork at Umbrella Demonstration past Fashion Show; bear right at Underwear through Books, Gloves, Optical Goods to

Mileage 6.0 TOYLAND (Left at 6.7 is Route 987 through Infants'

Wear to Housefurnishings. Right at 6.8 is Route 630 to Tea Room and Draperies).

Arthur L. Lippmann.

Miscast

THE Hollywood casting director, who boasted an unerring eye for "types," was demonstrating his ability to a friend.

"That man is a banker; across from him is a musician, and beside the musician is a newspaper man. Am I right?" he asked his friend.

"Yes. Tell what the men at the next table do for a living," the friend replied.

The casting director studied them for a moment.

"The one in the gray suit is a lawyer," he announced; "the one smoking a cigarette is a salesman, and the fellow looking this way is an advertising writer. Am I right?"

"Yes, but you skipped one—that one over at the end."

"I know it. That fellow baffles me. Who is he?"

"A movie actor."
Bill Sykes.



And That's the Difference a Few Years Make
THE WIFE: Mistletoe! John Jenkins, you ought to have more sense! You KNOW those berries drop off and get trampled into the rugs!



Crime Note

A Chicago billiard player is arrested for putting English on the ball.

The Honest Men and the Grafters

\$2,000,000,000 had been stolen by grafters in one year.

Now the people waxed very wroth over this, and called together certain wise men whom they had elected to be representatives, and spake to them after this fashion:

"How is it that we are being robbed so grievously?"

And the representatives answered, saying: "Behold, it is because this country hath not sufficient laws against grafting."

"Go to," instructed the people, "and pass laws."

So all the representatives gathered together and passed oodles and oodles of laws.

\$2,000,000,000 was stolen by grafters the next year.

Then the people waxed wroth again, and spake thus:

"Did ye not pass laws against this grafting business?"

"Yea, verily," answered the wise men. "But the laws have not been enforced. What this country needs is more enforcement officers."

"Go to," commanded the people, "and hire enforcement officers."

And the wise men did as they were bidden.

\$2,000,000,000 was stolen by grafters the following year.

Now when this had come to the ears of the people their anger waxed hotter and hotter, and they muttered much among themselves. And finally there arose up among them a Big Business Man, who was much wiser than the representatives. Also he was a man of Great Honesty. And

he went to and fro among the people, speaking in a loud voice.

"Behold!" he cried in a voice of thunder. "Can ye not see, ye foolish people, that the way to stop graft is to vote the grafters out of power? Go ye therefore to the polls and cast your votes for men of honesty and integrity, and cast out these thieves and robbers, that there may be no more graft."

So all the people went to the polls and voted, and each and every one of the grafters was thrown out of office. And their places were filled by Honest Men.

The next year \$2,000,000,000 was stolen by grafters.

Asia Kagowan.

Playing Safe

TOM: I just got a raise!

JOE: That's fine. How much are you making now?

TOM: Lemme see. How much did I tell you I was making the last time?

When We Two Parted

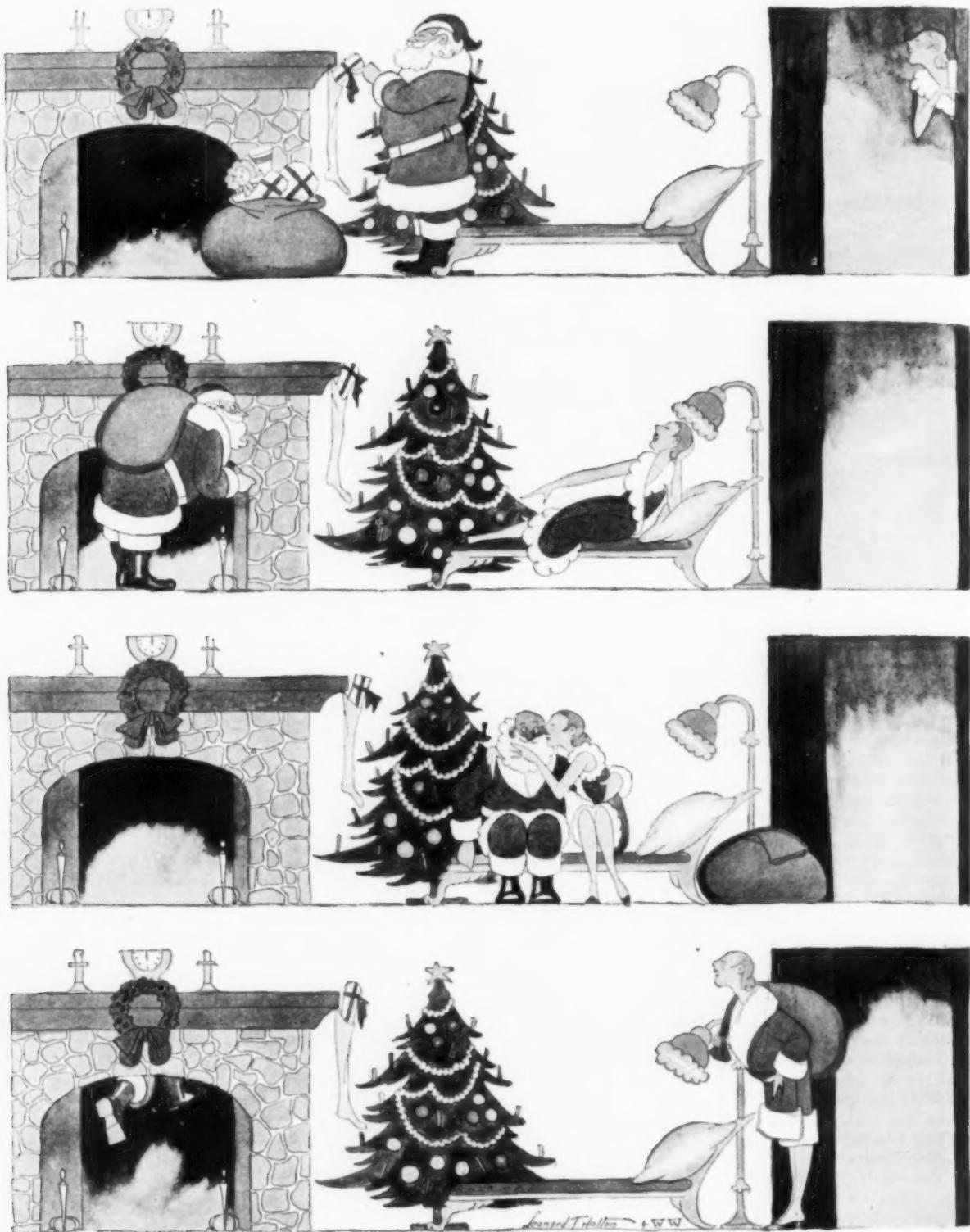
SHE: I suppose you know Alice married money?

HE: Oh, yes. They're separated now, aren't they?

SHE: No—just she and her husband are separated.



"Mummy, I think I love Santa Claus more than Daddy!"



Santa Calls on the Hollywood Vamp

Mrs. Pep's Diary

November 15th The first post unusually heavy, and amongst the acceptable part of it were four letters from various foreign countries wherefrom I did detach the postage to give it to Effie Goings, who plans to paper one of the rooms of her projected country place in stamps. Lord! were she to go in solely for the domestic variety, our circular mail for a month would provide her with sufficient covering for a fair-sized salon! This morning it did contain a pronouncement from a famous wine company that one of its experts had devised a method for contriving champagne out of the fundamental ingredients of their products, and my husband, poor wretch, took it so seriously as to bear it away in his wallet, reminding me of the Latin proverb, "Man gladly credits that which he wishes to believe." Lay abed after my breakfast, strangely overcome with a sense of



TRAFFIC COP (to man who has asked a direction): You can't find the Bulkmore Hotel, eh? Are you staying there?
 LOST MAN: No, I'm just the house detective.

futility which is uncommon to me, until, realizing that if I did continue my train of thought, they would be dragging the river for me on the morrow, I did rouse myself, do on my new black faille and velvet toque, and was off to the shops to seek out something frivolous which I could not afford, and it did turn out to be a pair of earrings, great pearls dangling at just the proper length, and they did so set me up that I did summon Mima Alsop to lunch with me at a publick on clams and broiled mushrooms and chiffonade salad, very fine, and we did discuss the foibles of our sex until we were in a mild gale, agreeing, amongst other things, that it were better if speakers at women's luncheons, instead of discoursing upon the perils of their professions or the trend of our native literature, would choose such subjects as "My Adventures in a Turkish Bath," "The Psychology of Diet" and "Are Mid-Winter Millinery Sales on the Level?" Dined this night with Bill and Elida Langley, setting all our clocks well ahead so that Sam would make it on time regardless of what his own retarded watch might say, and afterwards to see George Cohan in "The Merry Malones," a harlequinade containing a splendid brass band which plays all too (Please turn to page 33)



Earth Control

"George Washington was the father of his country!"

"Yeh? And who was the mother?"

"Well, Betsy Ross is sometimes considered as such."

"Did they have any more countries?"

Perfection

BOTH beautiful and dumb
 My own true love must be;
 Beautiful, so I'll love her—
 And dumb, so she'll love me.

H. E. M.

Slow Work

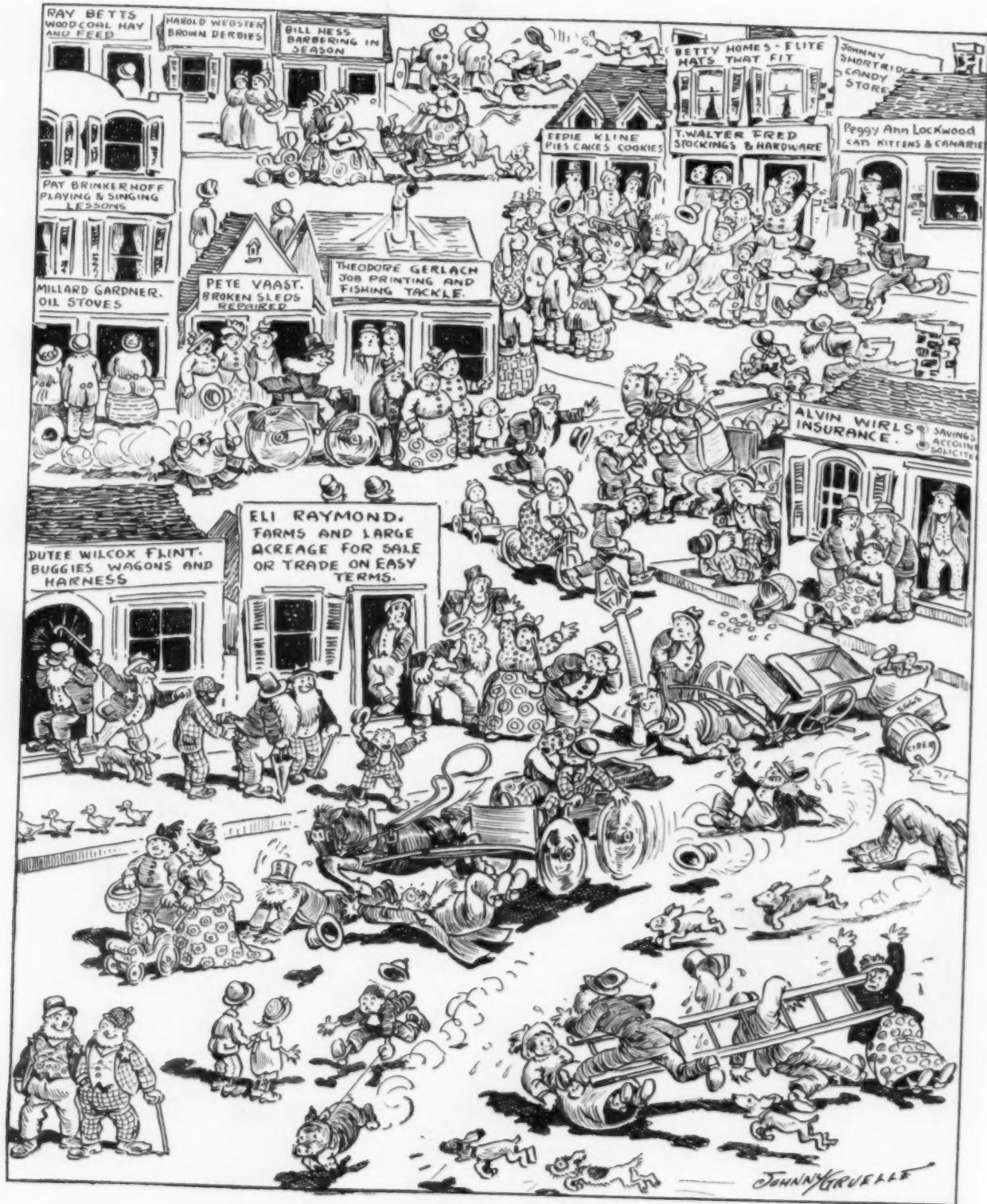
BETTY: You only met me an hour ago, and now you want to kiss me!

PAUL: Well, I'm sorry I wasted so much time!



WILLIE: Pa, can I have a penny? I want to make a down-payment on an ice cream cone.

Life



In Yahoo Center
"One little thing leads to another"

All-America Travel Contest

Weekly Prizes

For the best answer to each of Kay Vernon's letters:
First Prize - - - - - \$75.00
Three Second Prizes of \$25.00 each

Final Grand Prizes

For those who have the best record throughout the Contest as a whole:
First Prize - - - - - \$400.00
Second Prize - - - - - \$200.00
Third Prize - - - - - \$100.00



THIS IS KAY'S THIRD LETTER



DETROIT, MINN.

DEAR EDITOR:

Well, here I am in Detroit, after a strenuous drive from Boston. On the way I passed through Lenox, Mass., a very high society resort in the Catskill Mountains, and then on to Albany, where I saw the state capitol. I didn't see Al Smith, as he was away attending an Anti-Saloon League conference.

Then I dashed westward along the Erie Canal to Buffalo and Rochester—known as "the twin cities"—then to Erie, Pa., and then to Cleveland, which is named after the great President who came from there.

Cleveland is a beautiful city, with lots of lovely homes, most of which are situated on Euclid Ave. in the fashionable west end. The city is on Lake Erie and also on the Cuyahoga River—the latter having been made famous by the Cornell "Alma Mater" song. While I was there I was taken to the park by a very attractive boy and he showed me the statue to Commodore Perry, the man who said, "Don't Give Up the Ship."

But here—I'm not saving any space for a description of Detroit, which is the fifth largest city in the U. S. and the home of the traffic problem. Detroit is just across the lake from Windsor, Ont., and all the people in

Detroit seem to go over there every evening. Probably there is a good movie theatre there. Two big automobile companies have their headquarters in Detroit, and there seems to be a lot of "good-natured" rivalry between them. One is the Ford Co., and the other is General Motors, of which Mr. Durant is the president. The Ford Co. makes Fords, Lincolns and airplanes, and General Motors makes all the other brands of automobiles and electric ice-boxes.

Yesterday I drove from my hotel, the Brook-Cadillac, out to the Ford airport in Flint, and imagine my surprise when I met an old, old friend of mine who is now an airplane pilot. I told him about my trip and he said he was going to fly out to the coast and would I come along. Can you imagine anything more thrilling? So from now on I travel by air—my next stops being Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Chicago.

Lovingly,

P. S. I almost forgot to tell you that while I was in Detroit, I saw the house where Edgar Guest was born! I was terribly impressed.

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

THE object in this Contest is to detect and correct the mistakes in Kay Vernon's letters—the third of which appears in this issue. Subsequent letters will appear every week in *LIFE*, up to the February 9th issue, when the twelfth and final letter will be published.

Kay Vernon's tour will cover most of

the principal cities of the United States, and each week her letters will include descriptions of the scenes and places she has visited. In these descriptions will be many errors and inaccuracies.

Every answer to this Contest must take the form of a letter to Kay Vernon, telling her what mistakes she has made, and correcting those mistakes.

The prizes will be awarded to those who detect and correct the greatest number of mistakes in each of Kay's letters, and who express themselves most effectively in their letters to her. Answers to this Contest do not have to be humorous or elaborate in presentation. They must be clear, concise and to the point. Answers (Please turn to page 32)

Answer Kay's letter! Correct her mistakes!

Life



The Church that felt it had to compete with Modern Conditions has a set of Klaxons put up, to take the place of the Old-Fashioned Chimes.

The Slogan Writer Has a Bad Dream

WHEN better automobiles are built like a skyscraper, walk a mile from contented cows, follow the arrow, ask Dad (he knows such popularity must be aged six months out of every five when nature won't say it with flowers), keep that schoolgirl complexion $99\frac{44}{100}\%$ pure, save the surface, and you'll eventually (why not now ask the man who owns one for economical transportation?) guard the danger line to the last drop in a carload you just know you'd love to touch.

Now, you'll like Brann!

Happy Day!

HAROLD: Your daughter and I are to be married, Mr. Smith. I suppose you've been expecting it.

MR. SMITH: Yes, I have. I've kept a shotgun loaded with rice for six months.

Insulation Needed

HUSBAND: Great heavens! Look at the amount of our light bill!

WIFE: Yes, dear. Our electric icebox has been leaking.



Claim to Fame

"I was a flower girl atta wedding once."
"Huh! I was a witness inna divorce case!"

Androcles and the Lion

HELLO, everybody. This is Mayhem Grachnamee speaking. Well, here we are at the Coliseum, and in a few more minutes the bell will ring. You are hearing this blow-by-blow, bite-by-bite story of the big fight through courtesy of the *Roman Daily Tribunal*.

The crowds are pouring into the Coliseum. Betting odds are ten to one against Audacious Androcles, the Christian Catamount. Leo, the Nubian Lion of the Jungles, never has been defeated. That prolonged cheer you heard started when the emperor, accompanied by a gay party, arrived in the royal box. It is a typical Roman holiday.

Some one is making way in the crowd. It's Androcles. The Christian Catamount is in the ring. He looks tired and overtrained. Now the crowd is going mad. Leo, the Hairy Hater, has arrived at his corner.

And now...there goes the bell...Leo darts out of his corner. He is rushing Andy. Andy gives ground. It looks like a Marathon. Andy is cornered. There is no bell to save Andy. This is a fight to the finish. Now Leo is taking Andy's measure. Oh, this is exciting. But, wait. Something has happened. Leo is giving Andy a hug! Now Leo is kissing Andy.

The crowd is booing. It's a set-up, they're shouting. Now Andy and Leo are waltzing. Tiberius has leaped from the box and is rushing toward the ring.

The crowd is hushed now. Tiberius is talking to Andy. Folks, this is great. Andy is telling Tiberius the story back of this funny-looking fight. Folks, Andy and Leo are old friends! When Andy was a veterinarian



Retaining Her Youth

in the jungle, he once took a thorn out of Leo's foot. That's why Leo laid down.

Tiberius is making a proclamation. Andy is declared the victor. But Leo is given honorable mention. The two are going to tour the country in a vaudeville act.

And now, folks, don't forget to read all about it in to-morrow's *Roman Daily Tribunal*, through whose courtesy this radio story is made possible.

John Forbes.

Below the Storm Belt

FIRST KANSAN: How did your new cyclone cellar weather the gale?

SECOND KANSAN: Fine! We didn't lose a bottle!

Confession

I DON'T like married women; they're always talking about husbands.

I don't like single women; they're always thinking about husbands.

I don't like widows; they're always angling for husbands.

I don't like divorcees; they're always about to catch new husbands.

I don't like women in general, and the four who turned me down in particular.

James A. Sanaker.



HARRIET: Let's play strip poker

HARRY: I'm game — go put some clothes on and we'll start.

July week at the Paradise? Well, they were on the bill at the Palace, and I went to see 'em three times."

"WHAT did you buy for your wife's Christmas?"

"I don't know yet. She's going to surprise me."

JUST BETWEEN US GIRLS



Replete

HAVE a good time in New York?"

"Sure did; and talk about gettin' the breaks! Remember the acrobats that played Fourth of

July week at the Paradise? Well, they were on the bill at the Palace, and I went to see 'em three times."

"WHAT did you buy for your wife's Christmas?"

"I don't know yet. She's going to surprise me."



Somebody Is Always Thinking Up Some New Kind of Suffering

"MY dear, I'm all-of-a-BIB-and-TUCKer, because WHAT do you s'POSE? This MAN who married one of my BEST FRIENDS keeps purSUing me the enTIRE TIME, my dear, and telling me how he SIMPLY aDORES me and how sort of MISunderSTOOD he is by his WIFE—can you BEAR it, my dear? I mean I'm ACTually emBARRassed to TEARS at this point, because WHAT can I DO? I mean I simply aDORE this GIRL who he's MARried to because I mean she's one of my DEAREST FRIENDS, but she's the sort of NAGging TYPE, do you know what I mean? And this man she MARried, my dear, is sort of the HIGH-spirited TYPE and I mean I ACTually don't SEE how anybody as atTRACTive as this man she MARried could ever have MARried her because I mean she just isn't the TYPE that you'd think would apPEAL to a man of his SORT because I mean he's terribly DASHing, sort of, and FRIGHTfully good-LOOKing and all, only I WISH he wouldn't keep purSUing me all the entire time because I mean it's an AWfully sort of DELicate situation for ME, my dear, because this GIRL he married is practically my DEAREST FRIEND. But I REALLY feel TERribly sort of SORry for him, my dear, because she's so AWfully sort of NARrow and MEAN that she simply DOESN't understand him and I REALLY don't blame him a BIT for getting all hot and BOTHered about the situation, my dear, and sort of FALLing in LOVE with somebody who is sort of sympathetic and BROAD-minded and all, only I am PRACTICALLY ready to ROLL over and BUTter myself with disMAY at this point because I HONestly think it makes everything TERribly sort of emBARRassing for ME, my dear—I mean I ACTually DO!"

Lloyd Mayer.

His Official Analyzer

FATHER: Which of the faculty do you like the best?

STUDENT: Well, I invite the Chemistry professor to all of my parties.



PRIZEFIGHTER'S MANAGER (to Social Secretary): Look 'ere, Fishface—ya only got Joe usin' two big words in this article to tha' *Graphic*! What's the idea?

Versatility

A LITERARY critic reviews a piece of literary creation, and is considerably impressed:

"Mr. Spottswood has etched upon a background of bitter monotony the stark, uncultured dreariness of these rude lives—"

"'Dismal Soil' is a melancholy symphony in minor key, a concerto composed of the struggle to wrest life from—"

"The author has filled every inch of his canvas with cruelly searching detail; the characters stand before us in all their—"

"'Dismal Soil,' by John Spottswood, enacts for us on a stage of virgin land the depressing tragedy of a small band of pioneer peasants—"

"Mr. Spottswood has woven a remarkable tapestry out of the poverty and bleakness of a group—"

"The author of 'Dismal Soil' has cast a simple yet beautiful mold of

the bitter existence of these brave invaders—"

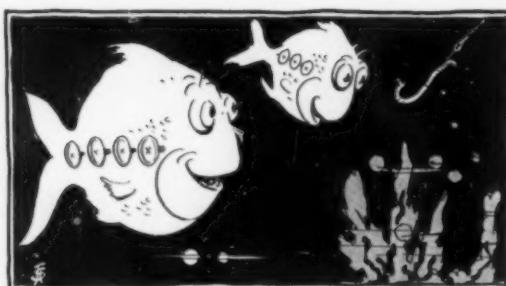
This diversely talented gentleman, it appears, has done practically everything in the way of artistic endeavor except write a book.

James A. McCloskey.

In the Order of Their Appearance

PLAYWRIGHT (bringing home a friend to dinner and indicating wife and children): Joe, I want you to meet the Love Interest and Juveniles.

NOW that the sale of cracked ice has been pronounced illegal we shall expect to see several crackeasies opened in New York.



FIRST FISH: Now you just grab hold of that worm and you'll get a nice juicy meal.

SECOND FISH: I'm not so sure. I'll bet there's a catch in it somewhere.



REPORTER: I suppose that when the plane started to fall all your sins flashed before your eyes?

MOVIE ACTRESS (*thoughtfully*): Oh, dear, no! Why, we only fell two miles.

Financially Inclined

GIRL FRIEND: Could that amateur crystal-gazer tell your fortune?

HEIRESS: I guess he could. He asked me to marry him.

ASSOCIATE: Chief, we are being sued for a two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar libel.

Editor: Thank God! Recognition at last.



PHIL: She's always begging for cigarettes, isn't she?

JILL: Yes, she's a regular Old Gold digger.

In 1937

(*The Progress of Advertising, as Revealed by a Newsstand Announcement of the Immensely Popular Magazine, the "Saturday Night Host"*)

DON'T Miss This Week's Issue! An Amazing Array of the Greatest Minds of the Age! Thrilling, Entertaining, Edifying! Here Are Some of the Features:

Cover Design by the Asco Roofing Company.... Tenth Installment of the Brilliant Serial, "The Psychology of Listerine," Inspiring, Stimulating, Deodorizing!... A Short Story, "They All Laughed When the Waiter Spoke to Me in Chinese," by the O'Brien School of Snappy Language, A Gripping Yarn of Oriental Intrigue and the Yellow Peril.... Part Three of That Brilliant Novel of the Thirst for Power, "The Seven Keys to Coca-Cola," Engrossing, Sparkling, Refreshing!... A Mystery Story, "Find the Body!" by Fisher Bodies... A Visionary, Prophetic Article of Vast Significance, "When Better Cars Are Built," by General M. Buick.... A Naive, Tender Little Tale of a Stranger in a Great City, "Fresh from the Farm," by the Snider Catsup Company.... A Smart, Provoking, Sophisticated Story, "What a Pair of Legs!" by the

Phoenix Hosiery Company.... Numerous Other Stories and Articles of Unusual Importance.... For Sale at All Newsstands and in Stores of the Better Kind. *Nathaniel Fein.*

MODERN version: Let bygones be biographies.



"Edna, you're a bad girl! You can stand in the corner while I count one hundred."

"Yaah! 'N' I suppose you'll give me a long count!"



DECEMBER 8, 1927

VOL. 90. 2353

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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MENT ladies in Carnegie Hall, saying that the politicians of both parties were dodging the Wet and Dry issue and that they ought to speak up about it and take sides. He seems to want one of the parties to be Wet and the other Dry so that voters can express themselves definitely on that issue.

The *World* argued in reply to effect that unenforcement had served adequately to handle the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments which most of the Southerners objected to.

Senator Glass responding deplored that, because of some failure of enactment by Congress, the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments were not in the same class as the Eighteenth and that the obligation to enforce them was not equally compulsory.

There is no objection to these learned and eloquent statesmen discussing this subject as much as they like. Senator Borah's desire for a lineup between the Wets and the Drys and also for a complete enforcement of the Volstead Act gets a good deal of support from the Wets, some of whom believe that the more vigorously the Volstead Act is enforced the more the American public will dislike it. But evidently the politicians do not want to get into trouble with this question because both parties are split on it right through the middle. If the Democrats should come out Wet in their platform they would lose a lot of Democratic votes. If the Republicans should come out Dry in their platform they would probably lose

a good many Republican votes. The managers of neither party want to lose any votes that they can keep by lying low and speaking in whispers. They are not asking for oratory on this subject.

Moreover, there are many thousands of voters who are neither Wet nor Dry; a great company of Anti-Saloon Wets who want to keep any good there is in Prohibition, and an increasing number of Drys who are disgusted with it as we have it, and want an end to its disorders and an enforceable law. Such voters Mr. Borah's pleadings for the Constitution and Mr. Glass's disclosures about the technicalities of amendments leave entirely cold. Some of them want better drinks, others want better laws, but Mr. Borah offers nothing that has even a faint prospect of meeting either of these needs.

Besides that, if one party should go Wet and the other Dry there would still be no resulting decision that could be called final. The Wets would still be Wet, the Drys would still be Dry and the Eighteenth Amendment would still be in the Constitution. If the Wets won, maybe enforcement would fall off in some States, but that is all.

BUT it may be that when we actually get to the campaign this Wet and Dry issue will be quite overshadowed by something else. It is six months and more yet before nominating will be done in conventions, and in these particularly active times six months is long enough for a very considerable turnover. There is a possibility of a religious discussion, which Mr. John J. Chapman has noticed in a letter published in the *Times* on November 21st, which might be even more distasteful to the politicians than Prohibition. The

motto of most politicians is as to fundamental discussions: "The least said the soonest mended." They feel so about Prohibition and they would undoubtedly feel so about any real discussion of the polity of a great ecclesiastical organization that includes five or six million voters in its membership. Their motto is good most of the time, but in actual campaigns to elect a President the lid is apt to come off.



THE presidential primaries are upon us and have had a quickening effect on discussion of Mr. Coolidge's withdrawal as a candidate. Some of the commentators affect to consider him somewhat disingenuous because he has not reissued his intentions, put them in stronger language and possibly emphasized them with execrations. Having not very ample gifts of imagination, they cannot imagine anybody as having enough of being President, so they say he remains half a candidate and so makes it hard for possible competitors like Mr. Hoover, Mr. Hughes and Mr. Dawes to be pushed with energy.

But why is it not possible that Mr. Coolidge, who is a very prudent man, is admonished by his inward guide to get out of the presidency before it breaks him? He has had excellent health and seems to take his work calmly and easily. Nevertheless, for five years he has held down a very big job. He has still another year ahead on it and he may humanly feel like taking a rest. When he talks about a year of whittling after he leaves office, he means that he is inclined to take a vacation and think things over. That he should choose not to run for President again at present is probably comprehensible to anybody but a political manager.

Meanwhile no effort should be wanting to aid and restore the State of Vermont. It is Mr. Coolidge's home State. His chariot stands in his garage there, and his casque reposes on the pantry shelf. Maybe he wants to go home and be Governor of Vermont for a spell and help to put that sorely afflicted commonwealth back on the map. As a school of character Vermont is unique. Its restoration to prosperity is a national necessity.

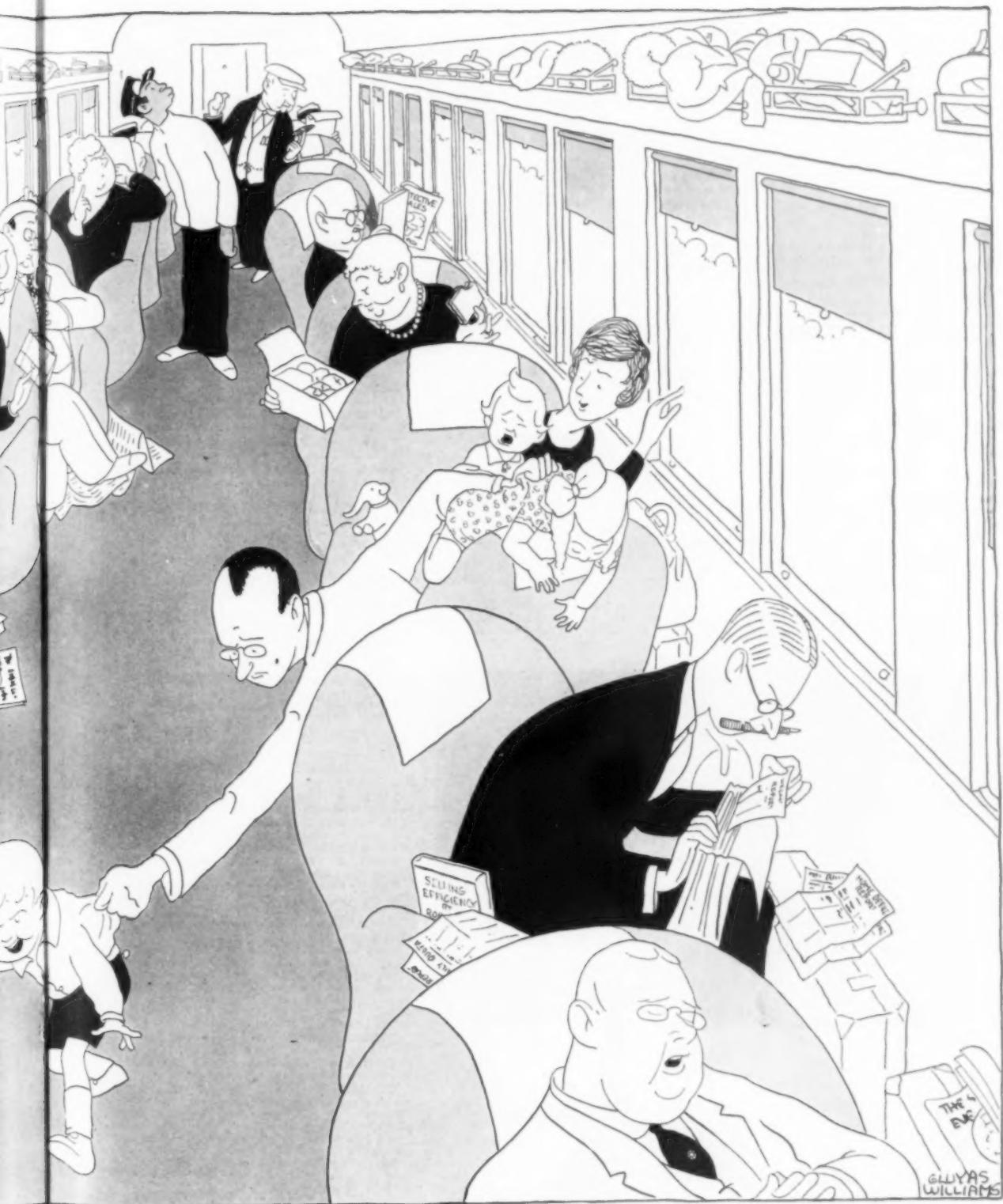
E. S. Martin.



Hard to Clear



Life



Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print *Life*, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

The Arabian. *Wallack's*—Showing just how far you can trust those Oriental guys. Walker Whiteside wrote this play for himself.

The Centuries. *Playwrights'*—To be reviewed later.

Civic Repertory. *Fourteenth St.*—The Eva Le Gallienne company in a worthy attempt to bring good drama to the people. See daily papers for schedule.

Coquette. *Maxine Elliott's*—Reviewed in this issue.

Dracula. *Fulton*—A cheery little bit about vampires, werewolves and corpses who aren't really dead. Take the kiddies on their Christmas holidays.

An Enemy of the People. *Hampden's*—Good Ibsen, with Walter Hampden.

Escape. *Booth*—Galsworthy's exciting account of the pursuit of an escaped convict, with Leslie Howard giving a fine performance.

Four Walls. *John Golden*—A gunman who tries to go straight. Good acting but slightly phony gunmen.

Hidden. *Lyceum*—Showing that sex will out. Philip Merivale driving Beth Merrill wild.

Interference. *Empire*—Much the same as many other London love melodramas, but very well acted by A. E. Matthews and the rest.

The Irish Players. *Hudson*—To be reviewed later.

The Ladder. *Lyric*—The flop that ran a year.

The Letter. *Morosco*—Katharine Cornell adding something to Somerset Maugham's play, which otherwise has not much.

Nightstick. *Selwyn*—Reviewed in this issue.

Out of the Sea. *Eltinge*—By Don Marquis. To be reviewed later.

Porgy. *Republic*—A fine play of Negro life, strangely set in the theatre where "Abie's Irish Rose" held forth.

The Racket. *Ambassador*—Reviewed in this issue.

Spellbound. *Earl Carroll*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Spider. *Music Box*—Still throwing audiences into a state of confusion and mystification.

The Trial of Mary Dugan. *National*—A well-made and continuously interesting melodrama, all laid in a courtroom.

Women Go On Forever. *Forrest*—Mary Boland in a strange play which is half-comedy, half-tragedy, half bad and half very fine.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Somewhere about*—We don't quite know where this is, but we have a feeling that it isn't far away.

And So to Bed. *Sam. H. Harris*—To be reviewed next week.

The Baby Cyclone. *Henry Miller's*—Very amusing farce based on nothing at all. Grant Mitchell is in it.

Behold This Dreamer. *Cort*—Glenn Hunter in what might have been a gossamer comedy had some one not sewed brass buttons on it.

Broadway. *Broadhurst*—Don't let us have to speak to you again about seeing this.

Burlesque. *Plymouth*—Some fine moments in a comedy of small-time love, with Hal Skelly as the memorable hooper.

The Command to Love. *Longacre*—Take your maiden aunt to this and give her a good giggle. Mary Nash and Basil Rathbone in monkey business.

The Doctor's Dilemma. *Guild*—To be reviewed next week.

Fallen Angels. *Forty-Ninth St.*—To be reviewed later.

Her First Affaire. *Bayes*—Mild conversation with intent to shock.

Immoral Isabella? *Rits*—If this Frances Starr show runs much longer, we shall have to see it through, and gosh, how we dread it!

The Ivory Door. *Charles Hopkins*—Pretty gosh-darned whimsical after the first half-hour. Henry Hull is Kingy-the-Pooh.

The King Can Do No Wrong. *Masque*—To be reviewed next week. Lionel Atwill is in it.

The Marquise. *Biltmore*—Billie Burke being Billie Burke in a meringue of Noel Coward's.

A Midsummer Night's Dream. *Century*—The "important" Max Reinhardt production—in German. Worth looking at.

Much Ado About Nothing. *American Laboratory*—Even if this were good, we wouldn't like it.

The 19th Hole. *Cohan*—A good evening for golfers. Frank Craven wrote it and is in it.

People Don't Do Such Things. *Forty-Eighth St.*—To be reviewed next week.

The Road to Rome. *Playhouse*—Jane Cowl demonstrating how history can be made enjoyable.

The Shannons. *Martin Beck*—Broadway banter at its best, with a couple of good old-fashioned heart touches. James Gleason and Lucille Webster head the cast.

Storm Center. *Klaw*—To be reviewed later.

Take My Advice. *Belmont*—Unostentatiously pleasant.

The Taming of the Shrew. *Garrick*—Basil Sydney and Mary Ellis giving Shakespeare the breaks. In modern dress.

The Wicked Age. *Daly's*—Out.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Artists and Models. *Winter Garden*—Reviewed in this issue.

A Connecticut Yankee. *Vanderbilt*—Elegant kidding, with one of the best scores in town. William Gaxton and Constance Carpenter.

Harry Delmar's Revels. *Shubert*—To be reviewed later.

The Desert Song. *Imperial*—It beats all how some of these good ones hang on.

The Five O'Clock Girl. *Forty-Fourth St.*—Smart entertainment, with a couple of nice songs. Mary Eaton and Oscar Shaw.

Follies of 1927. *New Amsterdam*—Eddie Cantor and everything else.

Funny Face. *Avin*—With the Astaires, William Kent, Victor Moore and Allen Kearns. To be reviewed next week.

Golden Dawn. *Hammerstein's*—To be reviewed later.

Good News. *Forty-Sixth St.*—As good as they come.

Hit the Deck. *Belasco*—Still among the best. **Just Fancy.** *Casino*—Raymond Hitchcock, Santley and Sawyer and others in a very pleasant show.

The Love Call. *Majestic*—Just fair.

Manhattan Mary. *Apollo*—You know Ed Wynn.

The Merry Malones. *Erlanger's*—Mr. Cohan in a show of his own, but not his best.

The Mikado. *Royale*—One of those Ames revivals you hear so much about. On Mondays, "Iolanthe." On Thursdays, "Pirates of Penzance." See them all.

My Maryland. *Jolson's*—Shubert chorus men freeing the slaves.

Rio Rita. *Ziegfeld*—Something nice for the eyes. Walter Catlett, Ada May and Bert Wheeler furnish laughs.

Sidewalks of New York. *Knickerbocker*—Ray Dooley in a popular concoction by Eddie Dowling.

Take the Air. *Waldorf*—To be reviewed next week.



The Way of All Flesh

MAMIE: Gee, May, here I asked for a Vanilla Sundae, and he gave me a Chawklut Soda.

MAISIE: Yeah, that's life, ain't it?



Hold Everything!

IT is perhaps just as well that this department was forced to suspend operations for a week while the bouncing Christmas Number was hurtling off the presses; otherwise we might have been immoderate in our praise of Helen Hayes in "Coquette." Now, in the cool of the evening, we will merely say that it is the best thing in town.

There is little that can be written of Miss Hayes' performance, except that it is perfect. The combination of George Abbott and Jed Harris which resulted in "Broadway" has again brought forth a masterpiece of casting and direction. The play which Miss Bridgers and Mr. Abbott wrote has been put into the hands of people who evidently were born for the rôles (to mention the good performances would be to name the cast, beginning with Elliot Cabot), and these people have been guided by a master hand. It is hard to tell where the script ends and the direction begins, but if for no other reason than for the thrilling synchronization of comedy and tragedy toward the end, the play should come in for its share of the general huzzing.

If we had written last week about "Coquette" we should have let ourselves go more.



BEING so far behind, in a news sense, makes the announcement that "Nightstick" is a good melodrama a little superfluous. It deals with the old ingredients of cops and crooks, but they sound more like cops and crooks than most. We don't know many cops, as a matter of fact, and so perhaps have no right to pass judgment. But the whole thing sounds real, anyway.

Here again are a lot of good performances, notably those of Thomas Mitchell, Raymond Hackett and John Wray—the latter, by the way, being one of a bevy of authors of the piece.



TO our way of thinking, however, the best cop-and-crook play of the season, or several other seasons, is "The Racket." This melodrama is so real that you feel as if you had actually been covering Police Headquarters for an evening. The author, Bartlett Cormack, is an old newspaperman himself, and what is more, an old Chicago newspaperman, and his picture of the workings of the Chicago racket at police headquarters and allied joints gives every indication of being authentic, as well

as highly dramatic. Certainly his picture of newspaper reporters, from the kid whose own City Desk doesn't know he is working for the paper (Norman Fosters) to the hard-boiled veteran with a copy of the *American Mercury* in one pocket and a bottle of Scotch in the other (Hugh O'Connell), is perfect. If we know the veteran-type at all, he has an idea that one day soon he will write a story for the *Mercury* out of a lot of dope that he has, but somehow he never gets around to it. John Cromwell, Edward G. Robinson and Marion Coakley also add to a cast which couldn't be better.

Incidentally, it ought by now to be a truism that the best all-around acting in the theatre to-day is to be found in the ranks whose names are not in lights and probably never will be.



IT should be easier to rave about "Spellbound" than it is. It has a grand idea behind it, but something slipped in fitting it together. The woman whose sense of the dramatic leads her to the gallows for a crime she never really intended to have happen, is a conception worthy of pretty darned good writing—which "Spellbound" didn't get.

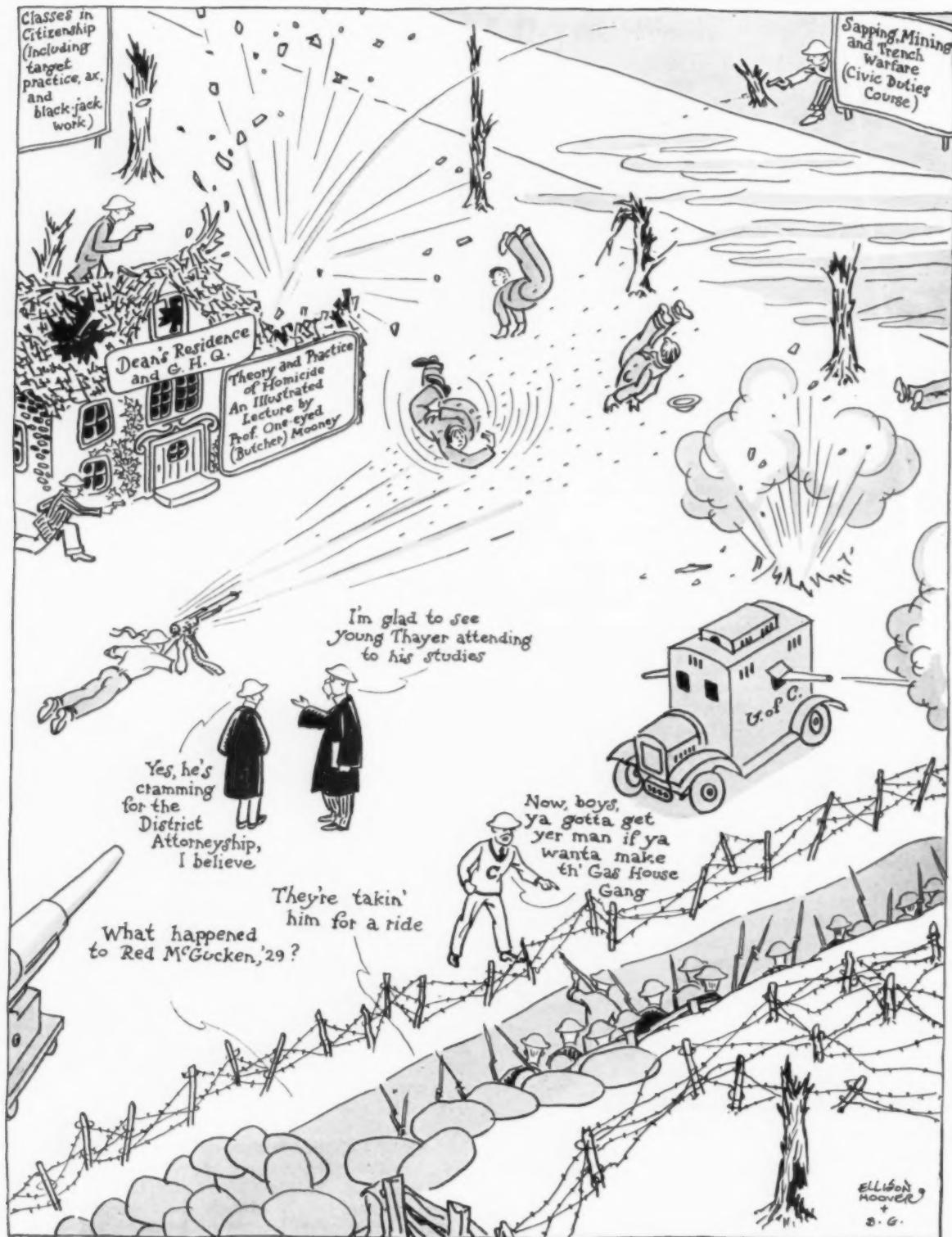
Pauline Lord is, of course, highly effective in her inarticulate gesticulation against Fate, but we have an awful feeling that her very ham pantomime of tragedy at the end of the second act was not intentionally ham. If we are wrong, we still maintain that it was too dangerous a thing for an actress to do.



IN "Artists and Models" the Shuberts have given us the best of their series and what is more, a show which is, for the most part, in very good taste. Scenically, especially, this Winter Garden show is in a class by itself and, in a number called "The Voice of the World," the music and settings achieve a dignity and sincerity which set a record for revues of this type.

Our old love (entirely personal), Florence Moore, is back again with much better material than she has had for several seasons, and we are always easy prey for Jack Pearl's unequal fight against the English language. Jack Osterman puts several numbers over which would have been nothing in less skilful hands and if we could overcome an atavistic aversion to Ted Lewis we might even like him. That's how friendly we feel toward "Artists and Models."

Robert Benchley.



Collegiate Impressions
Practicing the Art of Self-Defense at the University of Chicago

The Headline Writers Play a Jackpot

"C'MON, you guys, sweeten up."
"Whaddayuh mean? Ain't everybody in?"

"Dealer Bares Three-Chip Jackpot Shortage!"

"Poker Quiz Opens; Official Count Ordered."

"Audit Reveals Three White Chips Mysteriously Missing from Jackpot."

"Telegraph Editor First to Deny Guilt."

"Finger of Suspicion Points to City Editor."

"I Was First Man In," Cries Suspect."

"Dealer Threatens to Block Game Until Shortage Made Good."

"Check Fingerprints on All Chips," Suggests Police Reporter."

"Telegraph Editor Flays Dealer for Delay."

"I'm Fighting for Principle, Dealer's Defense."

"Impossible to Fix Guilt as No Records Kept, Copy Reader Avers."

"Dealer Yields to Public Opinion, Abandons Quiz."

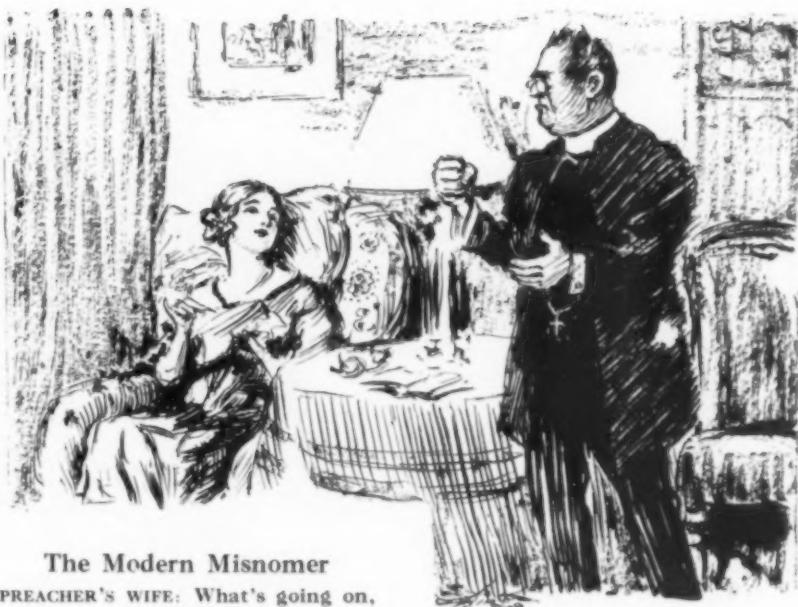
"Attaboy, Bill. What's three white chips? I'm gonna win this pot, anyhow."

"You're all moist. I got four aces to start with."

"Aw, pipe down, you guys. Let's have more action and less lip."

Chet Johnson.

"WE made it!" shouted the trans-oceanic fliers who were picked up ten miles from the coast as they gazed at the front page of the next morning's newspaper.



The Modern Misnomer

PREACHER'S WIFE: What's going on, this week, dear?

PREACHER: We're going out to coerce as many as we can into contributing to the Free Will Offering.

Incorporated

MORRIS: Yes, sir, he's a smart business man.

JACOB: How do you make that out?

MORRIS: Why, I heard he has formed a syndicate to buy the advertising space on college slickers.

IN these flying days, youth will have its wing.

Remarks

THE big business man did a noble deed.

"His conscience hurts him," said the stenographer.

"He wants publicity," said the bookkeeper.

"Building up good will in the community," said the shipping clerk.

"His wife made him do it," said the telephone girl.

"He'd just had a swell dinner," said the office boy.

And all of them were right. *J. A. S.*

THE flapper read the schedule of charges in the beauty surgeon's office and sighed ecstatically: "One payment and IT'S mine!"

Rosemary Patterson



MOTHER (to ultra-modern daughter): I do wish you would come home a little more often.

DAUGHTER: Gee, Ma! You're trying to make a regular pigeon of me.



"... and they say she's very nearly crazy. Her son is having an open affair with a shop girl and her youngest daughter ran off with a traveling man...." "That's the trouble with the younger generation. They haven't a bit of sales resistance."

Americana

THUGS Loot Bank in Daring Daylight Robbery....One Cocktail Brings Man Jail Sentence....Trained Goldfish Gets Long Term Movie Contract....Governor Blotz

Steals Million-Dollar School Fund....Thugs Defy Police in Daring Daylight Murder....Crime Ended by Prohibition Says Noted French Skater....Governor Blotz Re-elected by Large Majority....Six-Year-Old Girl Flies to Thibet....Thugs Dynamite City Hall....Thousand New Laws Passed by Legislature....Woman Jailed for Parking Too Near Fire Plug....Russia in Bad Shape Says Home-Run King....Sunday Golf Illegal....High School Pupils in Wild Orgy....Whole City in Frantic Welcome to Flagpole Sitter....Thugs Steal Front Door of Jail....Evangelist Breaks Non-Stop Prayer Record Standing on Head.

Robert Lord.



FIRST COLORED LADY: Yo' husban's in de hospital? Ah thought he was jus' only off on a jag.

SECOND SIMILAR (with pride): He was, but Ah interrupted him.

Sonnet for Sunday Drivers

THERE is no day like Sunday (Lord be praised!). Then all the morons, nitwits, dolts and eggs, Weary of much propulsion by their legs, Leap forth into their cars, and lo! is raised Such fumes as Hell itself has never blazed, Such repartee as one expects from yeggs. Behind their horns thus mankind's sourlest dregs In hot procession fly, wild-eyed or glazed.

Two hundred miles they race, inhaling gas, Exhausting selves and driving walkers mad. Then Monday comes; post-mortems now are due; They corner you and tell you all, alas. O Lord, omit all Sundays—make us glad! (It's jake with me to discard Mondays, too.)

Gordon Seagrove.

With Rare Exceptions

"WHAT do they call a person who's taking the fifth year of his college course?" "A bond salesman."



MOTHER: If you'd cut down on your smoking, Eloise, we might be able to buy Father a case of gin for Christmas.

THE SILENT DRAMA



"My Best Girl"

MARY PICKFORD is in again, with another typical Pickford picture. It is called "My Best Girl," and in its substance and its form it conforms religiously to the standard traditions that have made America's Sweetheart what she is to-day.

The story was written by Kathleen Norris, who evidently copied it off old pieces of blotting paper that were found lying around the Pickford studio. Its heroine is a wistful but comical little shopgirl who has to support and manage a shiftless family; its hero is a handsome young clerk, with a twinkle in his eye—the latter being accounted for by the fact that he is the millionaire shopkeeper's son.

It is hardly necessary to announce that Miss Pickford is excellent. So is Charles Rogers, as the lad with the twinkle. And so is Sam Taylor's direction.

IT is not improbable that young Charles Rogers felt a bit nervous when he was called on to make love to Mary Pickford in "My Best Girl."

When Miss Pickford first started playing love scenes on the screen, Mr. Rogers was a resident of Olathe, Kansas, being at the time all of one year of age.

I feel certain that when Mr. Rogers has been in the movies long enough to be classed as a "veteran character actor," Our Mary will still be appearing as wistful but comical little heroines in pictures exactly like "My Best Girl."

"Sorrell and Son"

FOR three-fourths of the way, "Sorrell and Son" is an extraordinarily tender, sensitive and moving drama of self-sacrifice, loyalty and kindred virtues. It is beautifully acted, by H. B. Warner and little Mickey McBann, and directed with gentle sympathy and genuine intelligence by Herbert Brenon.

The fact that "Sorrell and Son" falters toward the end is due to feeble performances in two or three vitally important parts. The intense realism is impaired, and the emotional strength weakened.

MR. BRENON demonstrates again that he possesses the qualities of delicacy and good taste which are so generally absent among members of the directorial fraternity. He can take a fragile story—such as "Peter Pan" or "A Kiss for Cinderella"—and can handle it with care. The fine spirit of "Sorrell and Son" could have been killed by too strenuous application of the directorial bludgeon; it lives and breathes, however—which constitutes one more credit for Mr. Brenon.

"The College Widow"

THERE has been much talk recently of proselytizing in the colleges. It seems that football stars are continually being enticed from one university to another by promises of lucrative jobs in the student laundry or the local subscription agency.

In "The College Widow" is demonstrated a brand-new form of proselytizing. It is engineered by Dolores Costello, who appears as the daughter of the president of dear old something-or-other college.

Whenever a sensational new triple-threat fullback starts scoring points for Yale, Penn State, Illinois or the University of California, Miss Costello gives him a yearning look from the depths of her slumberous eyes—and he transfers at once to dear old something-or-other.

Just how Miss Costello manages to get around so much is not made entirely clear. Probably she uses a bicycle.

"Two Arabian Knights"

SOMEWHERE along about the sixth reel of "Two Arabian Knights" a plot intrudes and momentarily interrupts this hilarious procession of gorgeous gags; but the plot arrives too late to do any real damage. "Two Arabian Knights" stands as an amazingly ingenious and uproariously funny comedy.

Much of its lusty humor is attributable to Louis Wolheim—a great deal of it to William Boyd—and probably a great deal to the director, Lewis Milestone.

Whosoever the credit, "Two Arabian Knights" stands as the most formidable provoker of loud laughs that has come to the screen in a long, long time.

R. E. Sherwood.

Recent Developments

Sunrise. The fantastic and infinitely stimulating story of a man who repented in the nick of time. It was directed by F. W. Murnau.

The Student Prince. Ernst Lubitsch turns sentimental and, of course, does so in a graceful and amusing manner. Ramón Novarro helps a lot.

The Patent Leather Kid. A fighter in the prize-ring and a slacker in the war, portrayed by Richard Barthelmess.

The High School Hero. Just about as thoroughly pleasant as any picture I've ever seen.

The Garden of Allah. Love and renunciation in the great, throbbing desert—directed by Rex Ingram.

Wings. Grueling battles in the air, and grim drinking bouts in Paris, faithfully and thrillingly depicted.

The Way of All Flesh. Emil Jennings gives a heroic performance in a

powerful drama of seduction and disgrace.

The King of Kings. A gorgeous and spectacular but not always convincing pageant of gospel truths.

Seventh Heaven. Brutality and love in the gutters of Montmartre, with Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor.

Underworld. Another fine war picture—the action in this one taking place on the Chicago front.



Merry Christmas
and
Happy New Year
from

who requests that

Life

be sent to you every Tuesday
in 1928

“Life” for a Friend— Means a Friend for Life!

Here's the solution of your Christmas problem:

Send him—or her—or them—a subscription to America's foremost humorous magazine.

It's a gift—that's what **Life** is—a gift that says "Merry Christmas" on December 25th, and continues to repeat that message every week throughout the following year.

Life is happy—and gay—and friendly—and cheerful. In every issue, it represents the true fulfillment of the Christmas spirit.

Where can you find a more appropriate Christmas present—or a more welcome one?

Each gift subscription to **Life** will be heralded by a beautifully colored Christmas card (reproduced above). It will announce to your friends that you wish them joy on Christmas Day, and on every day that follows.

Obey that Generous Impulse!

I enclose \$____ for ____ subscriptions
to LIFE to be sent in my name.

433

Please send LIFE
for one year to

Please send LIFE
for one year to

A Few Minutes in the Life of a Weighing Machine

HERE comes a poor egg who has pushed a street-cleaning broom for twenty years...wonder if he'll get weighed...yep, he did...a hundred and forty-eight pounds...let's see, what card will I give him...here's a good one...You ARE LARGELY ORIGINAL IN YOUR OPERATIONS AND YOUR IDEAS ARE TOO FAR ADVANCED TO PERMIT YOU TO REMAIN IN SUBORDINATE PLACES...see this bozo stepping on me now...he's the cruellest gunman in the city...a hundred and ninety-four pounds...this card oughta give him a laugh...You ARE VERY SWEET AND LOVELY IN SPITE OF YOUR TENDENCY TO WORRY YOUR LIFE OUT OVER TRIFLES AND YOU ALWAYS WIN THE LOVE AND TENDER REGARD OF OTHERS...look at this shrimp...he has less imagination than a horse's hoof...a hundred and seventeen pounds...You HAVE SOME PSYCHIC POWER AND ARE FOND OF THE OCCULT AND MYSTERIOUS...hope that big dame don't step on me...whew, she did...two hundred and ninety-seven pounds...You COMBINE THE FLEETNESS OF THE GAZELLE WITH THE GRACE OF A FAWN. You LOVE THE DANCE...wish they'd lay off me for a while...I'm getting tired of being stepped on all the time.... *Robert Boyce.*

The Only Thing

GREEN: Do you know of anything that will stop falling hair?

BROWN: Yes, catch it while it is falling, old top.

GIVE a man a couple of loud ties and it's Christmas.



HERE is "The Sunshine City" as you would see it from an airplane. On the left is Mirror Lake; on the right is Tampa Bay and the beautiful Recreation Pier; in the center is St. Petersburg's business section.



Photo by Blake

Everyone Has a Good Word for "The Sunshine City"

WHEREVER you are, wherever you may go, you will find that everyone who has visited St. Petersburg has a good word for "The Sunshine City." It is only natural to infer that there must be a sound reason for such universal favor. And there is!

St. Petersburg has not "just grown" to its present enviable position as one of the leading resort centers of America. Nature, it is true, gave this city the advantages of a marvelous climate and a matchless location. But to these the citizens of St. Petersburg, with a definite plan, have added almost everything possible to make it an ideal community in which to live, a most delightful playground, the resort metropolis of Florida's Gulf Coast.

All Kinds of Fun

Among other things the Sunshine City has provided what is believed to be a greater variety of recreation and entertainment than is to be enjoyed in any other city of the South. There's never

a dull moment here...always something doing and something to do. Golf on four courses...yachting, boating, and fishing on the Gulf and Tampa Bay...swimming, horseback riding, aviation...motoring on the best of highways...tennis, archery, lawn bowling, quoits, shuffleboard, horseshoes...everything!

There's Big League baseball (the New York Yankees and Boston Braves train here). There are boxing bouts weekly. There are free band concerts twice daily in Williams Park. And there's the municipal Recreation Pier, one of the finest in the world. Theaters, concerts, lectures, dancing. Festival of the States...regattas...tournaments...conventions...the list is almost endless.

And, of course, ample and excellent accommodations have been provided—100 hotels, some 300 apartment houses, and hundreds of furnished homes. Living costs are moderate. Everywhere you'll find real hospitality.

Come this winter for a wonderful vacation. Write today for our illustrated Sports booklet and general tourist booklet. Address M. K. Conant, Chamber of Commerce, St. Petersburg, Fla.



St-Petersburg
Florida
The Sunshine City

Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"



Sympathy

—The Sportsman (Boston).

When Words Fail

FRIEND Diplomat, of course we know
You mean to treat us right,
And yet how oft your efforts go
To start another fight!

—Washington Star.

There's a Fortune in It

THE Royal Photographic Society of London is exhibiting a photograph too small to be seen. May we now hope that gramophone companies will produce a jazz record too quiet to be heard?—Vancouver Province.



Those Mexican Elections

"IF THIS KEEPS UP, WE'LL HAVE AN ABSOLUTE MAJORITY."
—Le Canard Enchainé (Paris).

Mothers of Eld

A NEW YORK restaurant advertises: "Pies like mother used to make before she took to bridge and cigarettes."

—Boston Transcript.



Flea Trainer: SARA! YOU MUST NEVER LET YOUR PUBLIC SEE YOU IN THIS MOOD.
—New Yorker.

The Subway Talkers

"And did you vote to-day?"
"Me? Sure I voted."
"I mean, did you cast your ballot?"
"Sure I cast my ballot."
"Who did you vote for?"
"Who did I vote for?"
"Yeah."
"Me, I'm Republican."
"Did you vote for the amendments?"
"Sure I voted for the amendments."
"Did you vote for the Sixth Amendment?"
"I voted for them all."
"I bet you don't even know what the Sixth Amendment is about."
"Who don't?"
"You don't."
"You're crazy. It's about honor your father and mother."
—Arthur Kober, in *New York World*.

The Lorgnette Juggler

THIS concerns a certain dancer whose talents are recognized in the two-a-day and musical comedies. After making a hit in a show she suddenly went ritzy and affected tall millinery. Her intimates gave her up, not being able to tolerate her poses and speech affectations while knowing that she was illiterate. At any rate, they say that her maid at the theatre asked her:

"Have you any idea where the pins are?"

"I regret very much," said the upstage one, "but I do not know where the pins is."—*New York Graphic*.

The Inquiring Reporter Tackles G. B. Shaw, Writer

IN response to a paper's questionnaire, "What three books have most influenced you?" Mr. Bernard Shaw said, "Who told you my career was influenced by three books?"—*Passing Show (London)*.

GENIAL HOST: Have a cigarette, old man. I've got three kinds: one for sore throat, one for opera work and one for smoking.—*New York Sun*.

Saturnine

I confess to an enjoyment of something said by a Portland father to his son the other day. The young man had recently returned from a trip and during his absence had acquired one of the double-dab mustaches.

"What do you think of it, dad?" he asked.

"Well," replied the old gentleman, "if you were in a wreck and had it ruined, I don't reckon you'd have much of a case for damages."—D. H. Talmadge, in *Portland Morning Oregonian*.

For busy men and women—Abbott's Bitters, a delightful tonic and invigorator—sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Why Daughter Prefers the Dance

VERY YOUTHFUL FLAPPER: Why, Mother, dear, are you sure? I always thought—

HER MOTHER: I'm very sure, dearest. Housemaid's knee is an ailment, not a dance.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

It took a crab in Scotland eighteen months to go three hundred miles. Probably making a house-to-house canvass.—*Collier's*.



Vocal Teacher (who has been held up): I HAVE NO MONEY, GENTLEMEN, NOT EVEN A WATCH—I'M AFRAID I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING EXCEPT SINGING LESSONS!
—Megendorfer Blätter (Munich).

WHEN a pedestrian crosses the street he hopes to get the brakes.—*Lampoon*.

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"Yes" and "No"

"'Yes' and 'No' are very easily said, but before they are said it is necessary to think for a long time."—Confucius.

WHILE seated upon a park bench the other day I overheard an earnest young man ask of the moon-faced virgin beside him a question, to which she answered "No." After a reasonable time he asked her again, and she whispered "Yes." So he kissed her.

I rose and walked on, reflecting that she could not have known the sage words of Confucius.

Later I decided that perhaps she had done all her thinking a long time in advance.—*Punch*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Business on an Apron-String

"WILL sell all my stock and line of dry goods for cost. Have also real estate. Reason for selling, mamma is not home. Jacob Mertz."—*Gloversville (N. Y.) Herald*.

TIRE big baby!—*New Yorker*.

Communism

"You own your own home, don't you?" "No, we have company most of the time."—C. C. N. Y. *Mercury*.

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"W-w-well s-s-stuttering may have its h-h-handicaps, b-b-but saying g-g-gug-good night to your g-gug-girl ain't one of them."



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Who are these Investors?

*An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company*

TEN years ago fifteen of the largest corporations in the United States had a total of approximately 500,000 stockholders. Today the American Telephone and Telegraph Company alone has more than 420,000 stockholders.

This is an instance of the amazing growth of saving and investment that has taken place in this country. Who are these new investors?

American Telephone and Telegraph stockholders come from every rank and file in



every state, nearly every town and city, in the land. Mechanics and merchants, teachers and bankers, laborers and lawyers—every station of life is represented in this investment democracy. And it is a democracy, for the average holding is only 26 shares. No one person owns as much as 1% of the total stock.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company and its associated companies comprising the national Bell Telephone System are owned by the people they serve.



“Open Sesame”
is out of date.”

The Philosopher utters ***The Magic Phrase,***
“SUBSCRIBE TO LIFE”

For the Christmas Shopper—Satisfaction—The gift that pleases old and young.

Christmas Offer:

Enclosed find Five Dollars (Canadian \$5.80, Foreign \$6.60).
Send *LIFE* for one year to

LIFE, 598 Madison Ave., New York

AL

With
Christmas Card
from

Hints to Golfers

“There are plenty of (golf) clubs where a man who is carelessly or unsuitably garbed is looked on with something akin to keen disfavor.”—*The Outfitter*.

THE golfer who omits to be outfitted
In suitable array,
Should not, in our opinion, be permitted
To play.

It skills not from the tee how hard he
soaks ‘em,
How straight his iron shots are,
How oft into the hole the fellow pokes
‘em
In par;

Yea, though his every punch a perfect
peach is,
He has no business there,
Unless he knows the proper kind of
breeches
To wear.

And is at pains to wrap about his torso
A sweater bravely dyed,
Or else a coat, like Joseph’s only more so,
Of hide.

But he who takes some care about the
cut of
The cap, the hose, the suit,
Although he tops and seldom holes a
putt of
A foot,

Suitably garbed and carefully outfitted,
Him do they aye elect
To golfing clubs whose membership’s ad-
mitted
Select.

—“*Algol*,” in *London Evening News*.



—and giving the
pipe-smoker a new thrill

That pipe-smoking friend of yours—who never knew the ecstasy of smoking CRAVEN MIXTURE—why not take pity on him this Christmas?

Send him an imported gift—a couple of tins of CRAVEN MIXTURE—that deliciously mild, wonderfully fragrant tobacco—the choice of discriminating smokers for over sixty years.

You can now buy CRAVEN MIXTURE at better tobacconists everywhere. Or for a liberal sample, send 10c. in stamps to Carreras, Ltd., Dept. 20, 220 Fifth Ave., New York.

Craven
MIXTURE
Imported from London



He lost the account

THE President had told his best story. He chuckled expectantly as he looked at Blake. Not a quiver passed Blake's lips.

The President frowned. His voice was cold. "Sorry, old man, that order goes to Donnelly".

Poor Blake, he had wanted to laugh at that story, but *his lips were cracked!*

* * *

HA-HA'S (chapped skin) affects one painfully, and has ruined many a career.

HA-HA'S is what is commonly known as chapped skin. But the *commonly knowns* are not being used, you see. You've got to have fancy names—scientific names. We've been bright. We've chosen an agricultural name—A HA-HA is an invisible ditch. (Kindly turn to Marsh's Dictionary, P. 332).

WHEN your skin is chapped, it is full of HA-HA'S . . . tiny ditches, invisible fissures, furrows, gaps. Painful, unsightly, dangerous. HA-HA'S (chapped skin) can be cured, of course. The cure is FROSTILLA!

THIS delightfully fragrant lotion banishes HA-HA'S with the speed of a Byrd flight. Knead it gently into the skin and watch that sapless, corrugated, arid, desiccated surface become as smoothly supple-soft as an infant's dimpled chin. There's no *after stickiness* to FROSTILLA. It vanishes like a cooling mist. Its action is unfailing.

FROSTILLA comes in the bountiful new dollar bottle—and there's a smaller size at 50c. At druggists tried and true, and all good toilet counters.

The Frostilla Co., Elmira, New York, U.S.A.

Old Age Looks Forward

Old men are pretty generally reputed to be drags on the wheels of progress, and it will be recalled how a very famous man and one of the most useful and admirable of his time got into hot water by intimating that men were not much use after sixty and that the world could get along without any of the knowledge which men over forty had contributed to it. Something like that he said, not seriously but merely to amuse an audience, and when the newspapers had duly dealt with it what a din arose! And one remembers Barrie and his invitation to youth to come forward and take charge of the world. But really and by rights the old men should be the forwardest-looking people on earth, because forward is the only attractive direction that is left for them to look in. If they look back, the world and the people they knew are not there. It is youth that looks back. There is nothing so reminiscent as an old schoolboy in the twenties may be, revisiting his school. Everything reminds him of old times. That is because his world is still there, and people still in it that he can remind of something. Not so with the older people. Their world is a has-been, and if they, too, are not to be has-beens, they must keep eyes to the front.

From "What's Ahead and Meanwhile," by E. S. Martin (Harpers).

Sara Wiseyes

SARA WISEYES is sixteen. She smokes cigarettes constantly, And is as innocent As a movie actress bride. It is hard to believe that Sara's mother Was a timid little farm woman Who broke down and cried When she gave her first grocery order Which included a plug of Horseshoe. She was afraid the clerk wouldn't realize It was for her husband.

—N. L. W., in Kansas City Star.

The Truth at Last

THE truthfulness of people who write in praise of patent medicines, telling of marvelous cures they have experienced, is sometimes called in question. The following quotation, which is from the opening sentence of a recent testimonial, may throw some light on this problem of veracity: "Some three and a half years ago I was stricken with rheumatism from head to foot; not even able to use my hands, and only with assistance could I turn in bed, where I lied in agony."

—Manchester Guardian.

All In

THE caller wanted to see the man of the house.

"Is he in?" he inquired of the wife.
"Yes," she said.
"Can I see him?"
"No, he's in for drunk and disorderly."

—Smith's Weekly (Sydney).

THE eminent scientist, Charles Nordmann, says the sun is good for 150,000,000 years. That gives the world time to get the last man uplifted and reformed by law.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*



Ranks High!



New Model Pocket Ben

The New Model Pocket Ben ranks high among good watches. That's because it combines good looks with correct time-keeping.

Sold everywhere for \$1.50. With night-and-day dial \$2.25.

Built by the makers of Big Ben and other Westclox

WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY
La Salle, Illinois

ELECTRICAL GOODS

ELECTREX
Household Electric Appliances

Let electricity solve that problem of Christmas giving! Electrex appliances help a woman to do so many things so much more quickly and easily. See the Electrex grill stove, complete with griddle and chafing dish; toasters, irons, hair wavers, waffle irons and coffee percolators. Sold only at Rexall Drug Stores.

SAVE with SAFETY
at your
Rexall
DRUG STORE
Liggett's are also **Rexall** stores
There is one near you
You will recognize it by this sign

The Rexall Store

"**SUSPICIOUS PACKAGE FOUND IN MAYOR THOMPSON'S MAIL.**"—Headline. Maybe it's a monocle!—*New York Sun*.

All-America Travel Contest

(Continued from page 11)

are limited to four hundred words each. There is no limit to the number of answers any one contestant may submit.

The answers to each of Kay's letters will be judged separately and the weekly prizes awarded accordingly. The grand prizes will be awarded to those who have the best record throughout the Contest as a whole. It is not necessary to answer all of Kay's letters to be eligible for the grand prizes.

All answers to this Contest must be addressed to KAY VERNON, LIFE, 598 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

Answers to Kay's THIRD LETTER must reach LIFE's office not later than 12 noon on Thursday, December 29th. Announcement of the winners will appear in the January 12th issue of LIFE.

All answers must be typewritten, or written legibly and neatly, using one side of the paper only. Each sheet of manuscript must be marked with the contestant's name and address, and with the number of Kay's letter that is being answered.

In the event of a tie, the full prize will be given to each tying contestant.

It is not necessary to be a subscriber to LIFE in order to compete. The Contest is open to every one, except members of LIFE's staff and their families.

The Judges will be three of the Editors of LIFE, whose decision will be final.

The Step from the Sublime

It seems to be a tradition on the stage that whenever an untoward and unexpected incident occurs during a performance the lines to be spoken immediately thereafter have an uncanny knack of possessing some droll application to the situation, with the result that an increased measure of self-control is exacted from performers already burdened with a hard struggle to keep straight faces.

To illustrate: Sidney Blackmer, as a gay blade, was making ardent love to a young lady in a recent carnival. Her father entered. He expatiated upon certain escapades in the gallant's past and demanded to know if the gentleman's intentions toward his daughter were honorable. The father was indignant, and, his rebuke administered, retreated to the door, where he paused, turned and fired a parting shot at Blackmer. Thereupon he quietly tripped and sat down with a tremendous, reverberating thud. And the line which Blackmer then had to speak to the young lady was:

"Your father touched upon a tender spot then, dear."—*New York World*.

They Often Do

"My wife is dissatisfied."

"Always talking about the happy home she left?"

"No, her former job."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

He's the Lucky One

4 Others Pay
Pyorrhea's Price



He Sees His Dentist, Often

How foolhardy it is to risk health, when just a little care will safeguard you against the attack of dread Pyorrhea and troubles that begin with neglected teeth and gums.

Be on the safe side. Have your dentist examine teeth and gums at least twice a year. Start using Forhan's for the Gums, today!

Receiving toll from 4 out of 5 after 40 (thousands younger), Pyorrhea ravages health. Its poison sweeps through the system often causing many serious ailments.

If used regularly and in time, Forhan's prevents Pyorrhea or checks its course. It firms gums. It makes teeth white and protects them against acids which cause decay.

See your dentist every six months. Start using Forhan's for the Gums, morning and night. Teach your children this good habit. Get a tube, today . . . All druggists, 35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's for the gums

More Than a Tooth Paste . . . It Checks Pyorrhea



Across the Atlantic
ENGLAND - FRANCE - IRELAND - GERMANY
Hamburg-American Line

Eighty years of progressive experience in rendering service to discriminating travelers. Now a fleet of new and splendid steamers—some de luxe liners with first, second, and improved Third Class accommodations. Other comfortable liners for Cabin and improved Third Class exclusively. All modern oil burners.

Around the World

S. S. RESOLUTE

Sailing Eastward from New York
Jan. 7, 1928 — 140 days
30 countries — 63 cities
Rates: \$2000 up.

Glo to the West Indies

S. S. RELIANCE

Dec. 17, Jan. 7 and Mar. 28
15 or 16 days—\$200 up.
Jan. 25 and Feb. 25
27 days—\$300 up.

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE

UNITED AMERICAN LINES, INC., General Agents
28 Broadway, New York, Branches in
Boston Chicago Philadelphia San Francisco
Or Local Steamship or Tourist Agents



For Christmas Give Fragrance



Le Jade

A gift of fragrance at Christmas is more than just a present; for the fragrances of Christmas are inseparable from its sentiment.

Especially appropriate for Christmas are *Roger & Gallet's* *Gift Boxes and Perfumes*. Works of art in fragrance, in beautiful boxes, ultra-modern in French color and design. Three sizes. Priced from \$6 to \$12.

Offered in the fragrances of

Pavots d'Argent
SILVER POPPIES



Fleurs d'Amour

Le Jade **Fleurs d'Amour**

THE PRECIOUS PERFUME FLOWERS OF LOVE

Single articles of fragrance in each of these perfumes. Each in an attractive gift box—priced from \$1 to \$12.50

At all best shops

ROGER & GALLET
Parfumeurs
PARIS
NEW YORK



Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 9)

briefly, and one tune with passages plucked whole from "O Come, All Ye Faithful."

November 16th All the morning gone in clearing from the shelves fiction which must make way for newer works, and it was astonishing how many best sellers of their day could now be easily sacrificed, albeit my progress was slow forasmuch as I did sit me on the floor with this and that volume and reread various passages. To luncheon at Lydia Loomis's, finding there Adelaide Hilles, who, when she set about powdering her nose, did pull out my old silver Marie Antoinette box which I have not seen since we did visit her at the beach four or five years since, so, when her back was turned, I did calmly appropriate it from her opened bag, nor, when she failed to find it for her next nasal refurbishing, did she raise a hue and cry, neither. Moreover, I did use it myself overtly, with no word said. And Lydia did tell us how her town car, standing outside of a shop, had been struck and almost demolished by a hearse, which she had allowed to proceed on its way without too much questioning through respect for the dead, and how the insurance company had later discovered that three hearses were listed on that same license number, which belonged to a bootlegger. Home betimes, and fell a-reading of my book, but when it came time to turn on the light something had befallen the electricity, so that I was obliged to use a candle for a time, with discomfort and impatience, too, until I did stop to reflect that if Cæsar, Napoleon, Washington, Grant, etc., could plan their campaigns by the flickering light of an incompetent tallow, it were a sorry thing could I not carry on through "Kitty" until the Edison fuses should be rekindled. Dinner at home, on wild duck which Sam ate with an astonishing relish, and then to the playhouse to see "And So to Bed," a merry piece based on one day of Samuel Pepys's doings, with Mlle. Arnaud as Mrs. Pepys as good, methinks, as anybody could be.

Punishment

"THAT, sir, is a falsehood!" severely said the schoolma'am. "Do you know what will happen to you if you tell lies?"

"Yes'm," nonchalantly replied Skinny Simpson. "I'll go to hell and burn."

"Worse than that! You will be expelled from school!"—*Kansas City Star*.

PITY the poor paragrapher working overtime to get a joke ready for the new Ford!—*Boston Transcript*.



flowers,
sunny days
and happy
children play-
ing out of doors

make
California
a paradise

Five trains are operated by the Santa Fe from Chicago and Kansas City to California daily. The Chief—The California Limited—The Navajo—The Scout—The Missionary. A whole tribe of trains crossing the Indian country of the Southwest! All of them famous trains. And chief of them all, The Chief—extra fine—extra fast—extra fare.

The Santa Fe is the popular double-tracked way to California. The route is shortest, and Santa Fe—Fred Harvey service has won the reputation of "best in the world of travel."

*The Grand Canyon—
Indian-detour Line*

mail coupon

W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr.
Santa Fe System Lines
1918 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Illinois

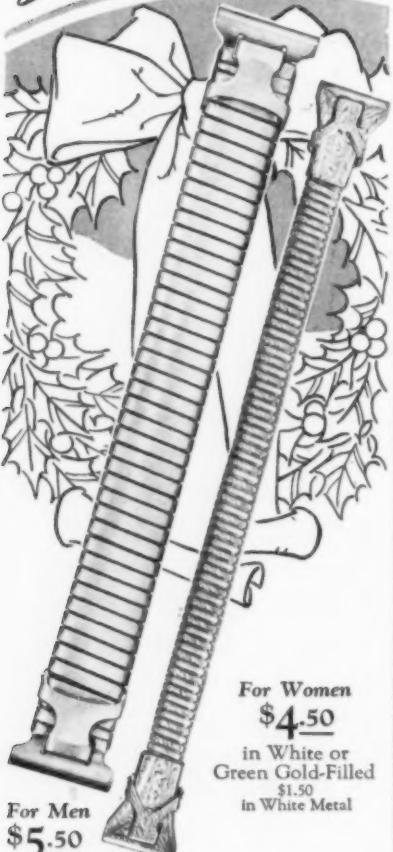
An interested in winter trip to California. Send me free picture-folder and advise cost of excursion ticket.

Name _____

Address _____

The SUREFIT Metal Watch Strap

— the perfect gift —



For Men
\$5.50
in White or
Green Gold-Filled
\$2.00 in White Metal

For Women
\$4.50
in White or
Green Gold-Filled
\$1.50 in White Metal

FOR a man or woman who wears a wrist watch, SUREFIT makes a charming gift. A necessary companion to a gift watch. This smartest of watch straps is the safest and most comfortable as well. Made of flexible metal without links or springs.

Your jeweler sells SUREFIT

Made by
Bliss Brothers Company
ATTLEBORO MASS.
UNDER EXCLUSIVE PATENTS OF
SEPT. 26, 1916 AND JULY 12, 1918.

Strike Out the Band

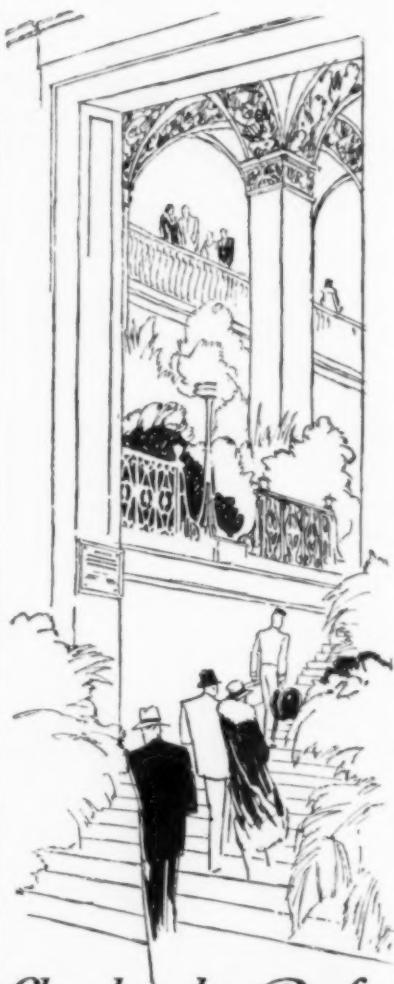
LOOKING back over the last few football seasons, it does not take an acute eye, still less an acute ear, to realize that the student bands of our big universities are taking up more and more space in the gridiron spectacles and the rotogravure sections.

We may not have to wait very long before the accounts of the Big Games will be concerned chiefly with the collegiate calliopeans and their complicated manœuvres. In fact, we won't have to wait at all, for I have one of these accounts before me as I write:

"The Yale-Princeton gridiron contest yesterday was easily the most thrilling and colorful of the many encounters in which these friendly enemies have indulged. Before a record-breaking crowd of enthusiasts, the two bands took the playing field promptly at two o'clock, to the riotous welcome of the cheering sections. Drum-Majors Tuba of Yale and Pibroch of Princeton met in the middle of the field for the toss, which Yale won, Tuba tossing his drum-major's staff ten feet farther than his rival. This gave Yale the wind, but Princeton had a better marching air, and even before the starting bugle blew, it was evident that this was to be no mean contest.

"Yale had the advantage of weight, particularly in the woodwind positions, but Princeton offset this by her triple-threat bass drummers, who could double in brass. When Yale blew off, Princeton at once formed into a column of platoons, closing on first platoon, which the Eli offense could not solve. They thereupon fell back upon a daring *sostenuto e non troppo* arrangement of 'Bright College Years,' running off the play in 3-4 time.

"The Tiger's staff, both bass and treble, sent notes to their leader to form the 'P,' which he did, following with a 'Y' and sometimes 'W' and 'J.' The band then advanced in

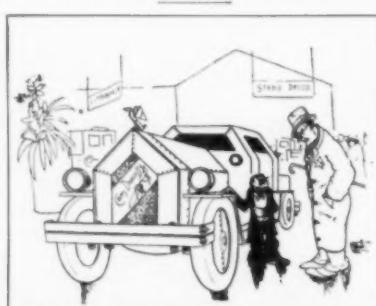


Clevelanders Prefer the CLEVELAND

THEY, who know it best, prefer Hotel Cleveland for its exceptional food, its quiet but friendly service, its furnishings and atmosphere of a luxurious home.

Clevelanders who are accustomed to the best the city affords, lunch and dine here every day and recommend this hotel to out-of-town friends. They consider it—as you will—more like a private club than a hotel. Yet rates for many rooms are as low as \$3, and a moderate priced Lunch Room supplements the main dining rooms.

Hotel Cleveland is on the Public Square, convenient to all parts of the city. Every room has private bath and servidor service.



"AND ON THE INSIDE IS A COMPLETE LIST OF ALL THE HOSPITALS IN THE COUNTRY."

—Le Rire (Paris).

**HOTEL
CLEVELAND**
PUBLIC SQUARE, CLEVELAND

The Quality goes IN before the Name goes ON

WHY does not Zenith build a radio receiver to sell for less than \$100.00?

THE answer is that the Zenith standard of quality *cannot be built into a receiver of lower price*. Zenith will not put its name to a receiver that is not highly selective, powerful, faithful to the entire tone scale and wrought with surpassing skill and durability.

PERFORMANCE comes first in Zenith—there is no compromise. The 6-tube set has six working tubes instead of five working tubes and one balancing tube. Instead of three condensers the 6-tube set has four—the 8 and 10-tube sets have five and six condensers respectively.

IN every detail the same exacting standards are carried out. Zenith costs more but it *does* more. Hear Zenith and you will agree that Zenith is unsurpassed.



Zenith Model 14

A sensitive, highly selective 6-tube receiver of remarkable tone quality and range. The cabinet is of walnut veneers with ornamental overlays and panels of beautifully figured maple. The doors do not stand open like wings, but fold back against the sides of the cabinet, out of view. Model 14 will bring you all that is fine in radio.

For Battery Operation—\$180
Completely Electrical—\$255

Western United States prices slightly higher
Send for illustrated folder

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION
3618 Iron Street • Chicago



World's Largest Manufacturers
of High Grade Radio—16 models—3 different
circuits—6, 8, and 10 tubes—battery or electric
—antenna or loop—\$100 to \$2500

Licensed only for Radio amateur, experimental
and broadcast reception.

echelon with outriders, while Yale branched out in a flanking-squad formation, playing hautboys, bellboys and cowboys.

"The activities of the bands throughout the rest of the afternoon were confined to the more orthodox but none the less effective formations of column of battalions in column of close lines, line of battalions in line of close columns, and so forth. Tempo was taken out only once for each band.

"During the intermission, an exhibition by picked teams of athletes from the two universities gave some of their specialties, which were adequately enough done."

A. C. M. Azoy.

Ghostly Ethics

(It is reported that a ghost, believed to be that of a clergyman, has appeared in a house in Cardiff and has so severely pinched several persons as to leave marks for some days afterwards.)

I LIKE a ghost to be a ghost

And frankly to behave as such.

Those members of the phantom host

Do not intrigue me very much

Who look so like to living folk

And so discreetly carry on

That no one sees their little joke

Till after they have gone.

A ghost a clanking chain may wear
To fill the hearer with alarm,
Though some, indeed, prefer to bear
A severed head beneath the arm.
Blood-curdling screams and curses deep
Are useful to suggest the doom
Of him who has the nerve to sleep
Within the haunted room.

But when a spectre rudely tries
To pinch his victims black and blue,
My anger I can scarce disguise—
It seems a vulgar thing to do.
A goblin possibly might boast
Of such a cheap idea of fun
But by a self-respecting ghost...
No, no! It isn't done.
—"Touchstone," in
London Morning Post.

Arithmetic Then and Now

WALTER, who was having trouble with subtraction, showed a problem which he had just finished to his father.

"Is this right, daddy?"

"No, son, it's not right," dad replied. "I can't understand why you have so much trouble with subtraction," he continued. "When I was in school I did it without any trouble."

"I guess subtraction musta' been easy those days," son replied.

—*Chicago Tribune.*

An Overdose

A FELLOW who ran into a bit of trouble driving home yesterday, and into a bit more when he got home, laid the blame for it all on his doctor. "The doctor told me to take two drinks and go home and go to bed," he explained. "So I took four drinks and decided to stay up."—*Kansas City Star.*

If shaving is hard work

TRY "The Better Shave"

WHEN YOU begin to wonder if you can't put off shaving just a little longer; when you start to ask yourself—"have I got to shave?"—then it's time to learn about the quicker, easier, smoother way—"the better shave".

This "better shave", with Fougère Royale (Royal Fern) Shaving Cream, enables you to shave closely without the slightest irritation. Fougère Royale makes a rich, creamy lather that softens the beard evenly, all the way through. You don't have to scrape and pull—the "better shave" is simple and comfortable. Try it. Get Fougère Royale from your druggist, 50c; or send the coupon for a trial tube.

*Fougère Royale AFTER-SHAVING Lotion
is a boon to tender faces, soothing and restoring
moisture to the skin. It is new but most
good druggists have it—75c.*

Fougère Royale Shaving Cream

Pronounced Foo-Zhahre Royal

*Shaving Cream, 50c;
After-Shaving
Lotion, 75c;
Shaving Stick, 75c;
Talcum, \$1.00;
Eau Vegetale, \$1.25;
Facial Soap, 50c.*



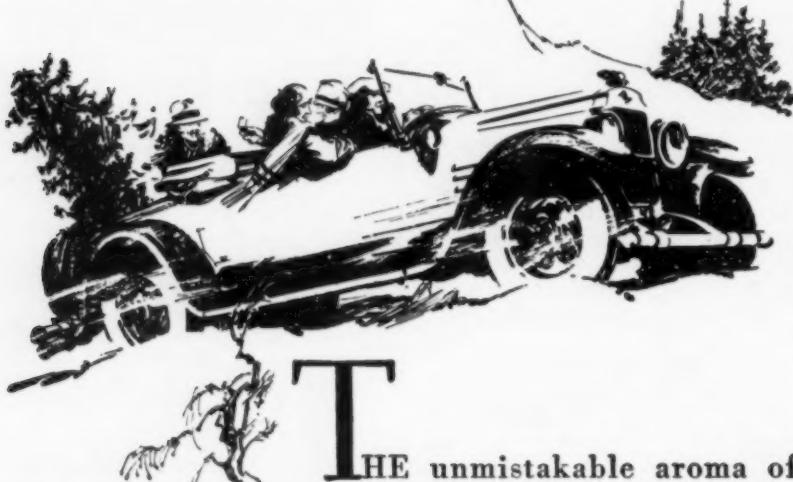
**HOUBIGANT, Inc., Dept. L-1
539 West 45th St., New York City**

I want to try Fougère Royale Shaving Cream.
You may send me a trial tube—no charge.

Name _____

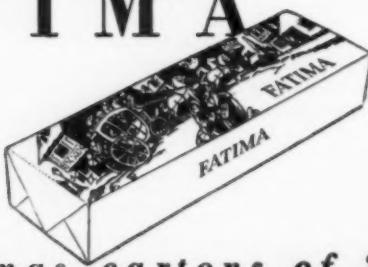
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"MUCH GIVEN TO JOLLY COMPANY!"



THE unmistakable aroma of Fatimas will soon be curling in many a fragrant wreath 'round many a Christmas tree. For the younger crowd is coming home for the holidays—and bringing younger-crowd preferences with them!

FATIMA



Also in Christmas cartons of 200

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.



1—How dry I am!
2—Have another drink?

DUTCH PORCELAIN
DECANTER Qt. Size

It plays, above tune if
you lift it, from table

Other Handsome Musical
Novelties Catalog Free.

MERMOD & CO.
16 E. 23rd St., N.Y.
SALESMEN WANTED

**CLARK'S FAMOUS
CRUISES**

January 16, Round the World (westward), \$1250 to \$3000; January 25, to the Mediterranean, \$600 to \$1700. Norway—Mediterranean, June 30; 52 days; \$600 to \$1300. Europe stop-over.

Rates include hotels, guides, drives, fees.
Frank C. Clark, Times Bldg., N.Y.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
MADE AT KEY WEST

HARRIS TWEED Cream of Scotch Homespuns, direct from makers—sult-lengths by post, \$2.00 per yd. Samples free on stating shades desired. NEWALL, 277 Stromness, Scotland.

LIFE will publish its usual
Dog Calendar

this year. It will be ready for delivery about December 10th, and orders may be placed now, to be filled in the order of their receipt. The price of the Calendar is one dollar a copy, postpaid. Remittances should be made payable to

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
598 Madison Avenue,
New York.

From Our Readers

A Friendly Suggestion
EDITOR of LIFE,
New York.

Sir:

Won't you put a little box on the inside front cover of *LIFE* stating on what page we can find "The Gay Nineties"?

It is annoying to have to go through the whole magazine to find it, as that is the one page we all look for.

Very sincerely yours,

MRS. GEORGE H. LORIMER.

"Belgraeeme,"
Wyncote, Pennsylvania.

Protest from Germany
TO the Editor of LIFE.
Sir:

I would have addressed you by "Gentlemen" or "Dear Sirs"—but I cannot do so after having seen page 12 and 13 of the edition "American Legion Number."

Nearly ten years after the great war, Americans are making such dirty propaganda which is below the dignity of the worst rascal—whenever you ought to be conscious, that affronting a defenceless people, the offence is falling back to the offender. Besides that, I do not understand, how you may venture to compare your own countrymen with a swine, because I have several good friends in America who are quite proper fellows—but at any rate—knowledge of oneself is the best way to mending.

In a civilised country just as Germany you never will observe such common and unfair offences and I never believed, Americans to be so weak and unfair as to serve themselves of such vulgar publications in order to combat a European competitor who apparently must be very disagreeable to them.

Long live the Noble-mindedness!!!

"A WELL EDUCATED ONE."
Hamburg, Germany.

(NOTE: Our correspondent refers to two pages of material in the American Legion Number, reprinted from issues of *LIFE* in the war years, 1917-18. The material was reprinted solely for its historical interest, to show how considerably the world's point of view has changed since the war.)

We Wish We Knew
TO the Editor of LIFE.
Sir:

Will you please tell me the sum *LIFE* received from the British government and other sources for printing the propaganda, both in illustrations and text, that helped influence us to enter the world war. Has *LIFE* again entered into agreement with the British government, or if not yet does it intend to do so, to print propaganda to influence us to aid England in case she causes another war? If so, what is or will be the consideration for this service?

LLOYD ARMSTRONG.
Walla Walla, Washington.

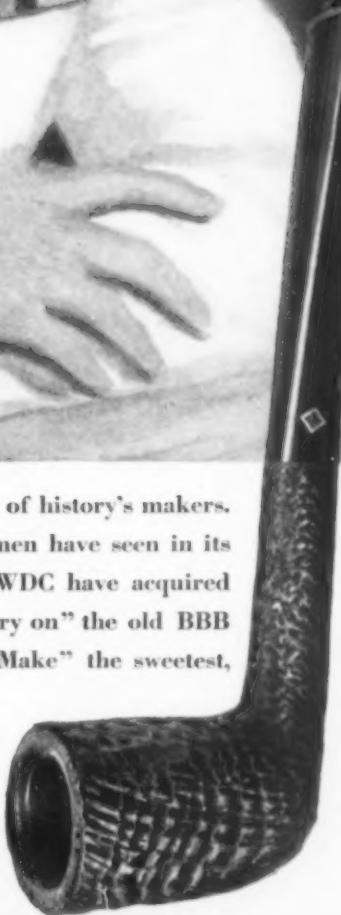
"C A R R Y I N G O N"



THE "BBB Own Make" Pipe holds a place in history, and in the hearts of history's makers. From Manchester to Melbourne—from Halifax to Hong Kong—Englishmen have seen in its smoke, visions of empire—and of home's green hedgerows † † Now, WDC have acquired the exclusive right to produce this fine pipe in America. Theirs to "carry on" the old BBB Individual Baking Process which has for generations made "BBB Own Make" the sweetest, most satisfying of pipes.

† † † †

The "BBB Own Make" Pipe is now available in a variety of shapes at the establishments of better tobacconists. \$5 the pipe—plain or ripple briars.
Wm. Demuth & Co., 230 Fifth Ave., New York City



Life

1928



Rounding out its first year



Now, with nearly 15,000 highly enthusiastic owners giving evidence of satisfaction, the Marmon 8 is everywhere regarded as one of the most sparkling automobile successes of recent times

— Probably no motor car ever introduced has performed so satisfactorily — Today, more than ever, it seems that lighter and more mobile cars are the thing, and by entering 1928 as a recognized leader in this form of transportation, Marmon is again following the rising tide of modern development — Marmon Motor Car Company, Indianapolis